JULES ROMAINS, SPOKESMAN OF A NATION

The Saturday Review of Literature

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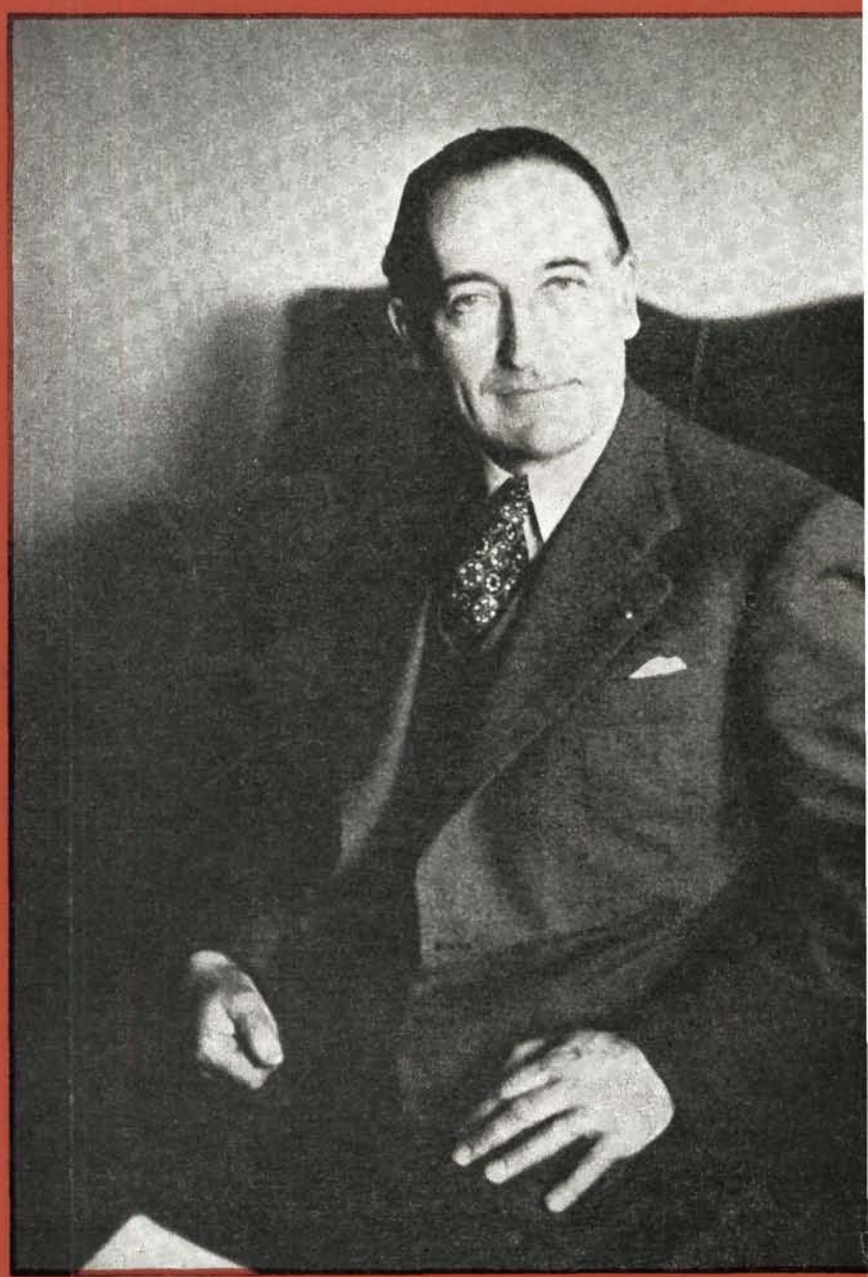

JULES ROMAINS: "One bright morning in 1903 a young student named Louis Farigoule had a revelation" . . . *(See page 3)*

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Spokesman of a Nation

In "Verdun," Jules Romains Brings His Panoramic Novel to a Climax

BY JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Defenders of Verdun—from "The First World War," edited by Laurence Stallings (Simon & Schuster).

THERE are two classes of readers today: those who have kept up with "Men of Good Will" and those unfortunates who have fallen by the wayside. "Verdun"*—the eighth volume in the series—will be read with enthusiasm by both classes and will cause many of the unfaithful to turn back to the volumes they have missed. After the present installment no one can fail to await eagerly the appearance of the remaining volumes (the author says there will be eleven more in French, amounting to five or six more in English), which will bring this broad chronicle of our time down to the present. Here for the first time in this series Jules Romains hits his stride.

One bright morning in 1903 a young student at the École Normale Supérieure, named Louis Farigoule, had a revelation as he was walking up the slope of Montmartre. There suddenly seemed to be a collective consciousness in the street filled with horse-drawn cabs, shop displays, and pedestrians, and he felt mysteriously one with the people and things around him. Meditating on this mystical experience, he recognized its affinity with the new sociology of Emile Durkheim and Levy-Bruhl, the theories of group-psychology, and the brotherhood-of-man poetry of Walt Whitman, for this young man was extremely well read. When a year later he published his first volume of poems, under the pen-name of Jules Romains, he gave it the significant title of "The Soul of Men." "Manual of Deification" in 1910, following closely on the novel "A Town's Regeneration," which showed a collective consciousness being formed spontaneously through an electric phrase idly scribbled on a public wall, states the metaphysics of his system, since the new social group is to him a kind of god.

In rapid succession poems, novels, plays, and even one movie scenario preached and illustrated the doctrine of the irresistible force of unanimous emotions: love, hatred, wrath, enthusiasm, curiosity—of the extraordinary expansion of one man's idea or emotion when it is shared by a group, and of the progress that the group's thought or emotion, on the other hand, makes in the individual member of the community.

Two of the prose works, one profoundly serious ("The Death of a Nobody") and the other boisterously farcical ("The Boys in the Back Room"), are accessible in translation and deserve more attention than they have had in America. The former is perhaps the most explicit embodiment of the unanimist theory. In a Paris tenement a nobody dies and the whole novel recounts his posthumous life. For the first time his neighbors become aware of his existence, inquire about him, take a collection for a funeral wreath. The janitor enjoys an unaccustomed importance since he was the only one to have known the dead man and the first to learn of his death. The old father, summoned by telegraph, talks to strangers in the train to Paris, telling them all about his son, creating new groups in which the thought of the all but anonymous Jacques Godard will be prolonged. Finally, a year after he had seen the hearse go by, a young man, ignorant of the identity of the dead man but vaguely recalling that funeral, reflects on death and immortality. Thus a most ordinary death gives birth to a new consciousness in others and creates a group absorbed by a single thought.

By means of a very different technique "The Boys in the Back Room" illustrates the same thesis. The seven gay companions decide, over an excess of red wine, that two small French towns, Ambert and Issoire, are not to their liking and must be punished. Arriving then at Ambert in the middle of the night, the pals go to the barracks dressed in top hats, Prince Alberts, and rosettes of the Legion of Honor. The most impressive-looking one introduces himself as the Minister of War and commands the colonel, as a surprise maneuver, to simulate the crushing of a sudden revolution that very night between three and four. Eager to comply, the colonel fills the town with his troops who shoot innumerable blank cartridges; all the inhabitants awake; the streets fill with people; and the excitement knows no bounds. For the first time sleepy little Ambert exists in all its unanimity. After a most unconventional sermon by another of the companions in the Ambert church the following Sunday, which has the same electric effect, and in Issoire the unveiling of a nude statue of Vercingetorix which comes to life and pelts the populace with rotten apples, the seven friends feel that they have avenged themselves on the two harmless communities.

The war of 1914-1918 was a terrific shock to young Farigoule-Romains, then professor of philosophy in a *lycée* and chief exponent of the

VERDUN. By Jules Romains. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 500 pp. $2.50. (Published January 2.)

Next Week

NO ARMS, NO ARMOUR
By ROBERT HENRIQUES
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

THE EAGLES GATHER
By TAYLOR CALDWELL
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell

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Unanimist school of writing. Not that he had failed to see it coming. But when the catastrophe was upon us, he suddenly saw his little group-souls swallowed up in a vast herd movement that trampled on his theories. The theater audience to which he had addressed his stirring "Ode to the Crowd Here Before Me," suddenly forgot its beautiful unanimous thought and joined the general panic in the street. His long poem "Europe"—published in 1916—reveals his bewildered attempt to arouse such dead groups to revolt against the large mob spirit. But the war definitively shattered his faith in the beneficent effect of group emotion and action.

When Romains does introduce unanimism into his post-war works he uses unanimous thought as a humorous device (that already classic modern comedy "Knock" with its hearty satire of scientific theorizing and of the public's gullibility) or else rather bitterly pictures the individual in revolt against the group, as in the plays "Musse," "Boën," and "The Dictator." In one late series of novels, known in translation as "The Body's Rapture," the group is treated sympathetically, but this time it is a very special group formed of but two individuals, Lucienne and her husband Pierre. Through these three novels Jules Romains traces the growth of a couple's love. From the dim glow of a live coal in a very drab heap of ashes it spurts out bright tongues of flame which finally transform themselves into blue phantoms fluttering above reality. After the intense physical rapture, at once so delicately and so vividly described, Pierre and Lucienne, separated by several oceans, transcend their bodies to join in a psychic union more thrilling than any physical communion. Here the collective soul does possess something godlike, and illustrates, instead of a limitation of the original unanimism to the classic couple, rather an extension of the theory to the realm of psychic probability beyond the confines of demonstrable knowledge. Before this trilogy love played no part in Romains' work, but when he did turn to that subject—which had always seemed to him somewhat shopworn—he produced a startingly original work. During the early twenties—also the years of his most rollicking comedies which charmed Paris until Giraudoux began writing for the same stage of the Comédie des Champs-Elysées—Romains made a practice, in fact, of periodically adding to our belief in the possibilities of human evolution. It was then, for instance, that he announced and attempted to prove with numerous experiments (which have subsequently served as a basis for Dr. Viaur's tests on the human heart in "The Depths and the Heights") his contention that we can be trained to see with our pores and thus possess an undeveloped paroptic sense.

Now that he could no longer believe in his original unanimism, Jules Romains' versatile mind, which even in undergraduate days showed a like aptitude in science and in letters, was seeking justifications for his persistent faith in mankind. If human beings could read with the pores of their shoulders (what a boon for the busy critic!) and overcome distance to produce a physical presence by an act of the will, then man was worth educating and struggling for. Little by little his confidence returned and with it an interest in humanity as a whole—that humanity which he has lately sung in his epic poem on the white race. Today Romains accepts the human race whether or not it can do tricks with its faculties.

This explains how in "Men of Good Will" he can return to a more mature and more sober version of unanimism. Throughout this hero-less cycle we see and feel the multitudinous life of a great city as no novel has ever made us see and feel it before. The very number of individual characters creates an impression of almost limitless scope, and behind and around those individuals surges the continuous, anonymous crowd. The earlier volumes are punctuated with brilliant chapters devoted to that crowd and its city seen from a godlike point of view between plunges into its amorphous mass to examine representative specimens picked at random. It is not easy to forget the epic descriptions of Paris going to work in the morning, of the express trains approaching through the suburbs, of France staggering under the blow of August 4, 1914.

But the present volume, more than any other of the series, employs the unanimist technique throughout. The last chapter of "Death of a World" re-created the outbreak of the war; the opening fifty pages of "Verdun" form an essay on the first eighteen months of the war: the first hopes and disillusions, the eventual settling-in for a long game of patience opposite an apparently unbreakable German wall. Then Romains turns on a searchlight and flashes it up and down the front, at times moving rapidly, at others letting it rest on an individual man or a certain sector. In a trench in Champagne it picks out Lieutenant Jerphanion and on the heights of Vauquois—that horrible slaughter-house whose description is a masterpiece of objective writing—the schoolteacher Clanricard, now a lieutenant too. It lights up General Duroure leading a group of deputies on a tour of inspection, and, in a rapid circular movement away from the battlefields, it shows us the Kaiser being interviewed again by Maykosen, the deputy Gurau and General Galliéni worrying in advance about Verdun, and Joffre in his headquarters assuring Paris that Verdun is safe. The spot to which Romains' searchlight returns most often, until it focusses permanently on it, is Verdun, the most dangerous point on the whole front.

Finally the terrible German bombardment begins and we share the anguish of the French soldiers in the trenches wondering why their artillery does not answer. From this point forward, while the greatest battle of the war continues to rage around Verdun, the only momentary relief comes from the eposides at the rear. Haverkamp, become a munitions-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Alfred A. Knopf

Monsieur and Madame Romains at Grandcour, August 1939.

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Justice Frankfurter on Record

LAW AND POLITICS. Occasional Papers of Felix Frankfurter 1913-1938. Edited by Archibald MacLeish and E. F. Prichard, Jr., with a Foreword by Mr. MacLeish. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 352 *pp.* $3.

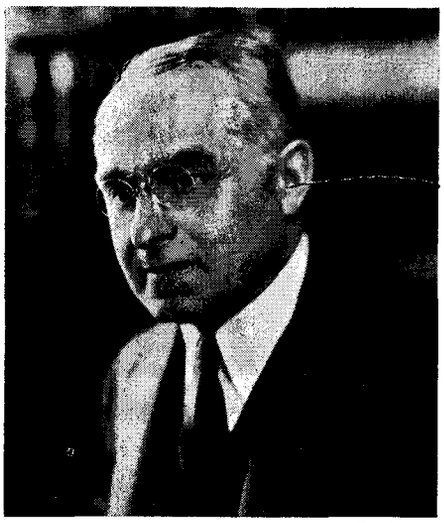
Reviewed by JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER

THESE occasional speeches and writings of Justice Frankfurter cover a span of twenty-five years of a remarkably busy, beneficent, and scholarly life. Several of the papers are unsigned editorials in the *New Republic,* others are contributions to legal and general periodicals, and three are political appeals for the election respectively of LaFollette, Smith, and Franklin Roosevelt.

The first impression made by their reading is best described in the language of Justice Frankfurter himself in a review of Justice Cardozo's book, "Law and Literature." He wrote: "Who better than he has demonstrated that law is stunted and undernourished by life if it falls below the dignity of literature?" These papers are literature. The marvel is that any human being, born in a foreign land, could achieve a style of such distinction. The papers reveal to the mind, naturally curious upon the subject, the intellectual stuff of which the new Supreme Court Justice is made. He calls for frankness in defining the function of that uniquely American institution, the Supreme Court, thus: "That the courts are especially fitted to be the ultimate arbiters of policy is an intelligent and tenable doctrine. But let them and us face the fact that five Justices of the Supreme Court are conscious molders of policy instead of the impersonal vehicles of revealed truth."

He believes that in dealing with the great questions of social and economic legislation "it is essential that the stream of the *Zeitgeist* must be allowed to flood the sympathies and the intelligence of our judges. This is necessary, not only for the well-being of the state and the social order, but for unimpaired continuance of our judicial system." Therefore he holds that the personality of the Justice has been a vital factor in the development of America. He writes: "It would deny all meaning to history to believe that the course of events would have been the same if Thomas Jefferson had had the naming of Spencer Roane to the place to which John Adams called John Marshall or if Roscoe Conkling rather than Morrison R. Waite had headed the Court before which came the Granger legislation."

If one senses an apparent contradiction in papers written at widely different times, between the plea that the Supreme Court is after all an instrument of statecraft to be affected by the *Zeitgeist* and a criticism of those who have allowed their view of the *Zeitgeist* to influence them too strongly, we find a reconciliation in the author's maturity in this sentence on Mr. Justice Holmes: "But his skepticism and even hostility, as a matter of private judgment, toward legislation which he was ready to sustain as a judge only serve to add cubits to his judicial stature, for he thereby transcended personal predilections and private notions of social policy and became truly the impersonal voice of the Constitution." With full recognition of the human fallibility of the Court and some of its members, he concludes: "The effective conditions for insuring the quality of the judicial output of the Supreme Court have in the long run been maintained."



Bachrach

Felix Frankfurter

I seek to indicate the precise nature of that liberalism (a vague and double-dealing word) which is attributed to Mr. Justice Frankfurter. A habit of mind and of spirit is clearly disclosed in the sentence: "But resort to standards avoids the oppression and injustice due to abstractions (*e.g.,* 'freedom of contract' instead of a working girl) whereby individual instances are tortured into universal molds which do not fit the infinite variety of life."

The article on the Sacco and Vanzetti case shows a soul valiant for justice and a mighty power to seek it. The paper on the Supreme Court ruling on the Scottsboro case evinces a complete loyalty to the ideal of justice for poor and rich alike.

In the economic field, he shows himself to be a leader in that army of all socially-minded men, interested in a diffusion of the production of industry wider than that of to-day, even though we recognize that to-day in America it is probably the widest distribution the world has ever known. For the most part these papers are of a date when the American trend was to increase the power of capital and when it was vital to assert the basic claim that labor should share more liberally in the fruits of production. If there be those who feel that this process has been so sharply accelerated that we may so diminish the total production to be distributed as to endanger capital and labor alike, I think they may take hope from this book that, in so far as future legislation on our vital economic life shall involve questions of Constitutional interpretation, they will receive studied, wise, and deliberate answer. We may expect from these papers that to their determination Mr. Justice Frankfurter will bring a mind of sparkling vigor and ingenuity, a sense of historic continuity, a realization that civilization proceeds with the necessity of emphasizing different needs and different trends at different times, and above all a patriotism which he eloquently voices.

Joseph M. Proskauer is a former justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York.

Folklore of the Empire State

BODY, BOOTS & BRITCHES. By Harold W. Thompson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1939. 530 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

HERE is scholarship with salt on its spine, and a book that belongs in every library of New York State and on the table of every lover of that State's history. "Body, boots and britches," we learn from Professor Thompson, is a Dutchess county phrase for "the whole thing," or as we might say "lock, stock and barrel." This racy volume collects the folklore of the Empire State—York State they call it up-country; it is an encyclopedia of sense and sensibility in some sixty counties and through three centuries. It follows the history of pioneer Yorkers from the founding of Albany down to the songs of canawlers and railroad men. Pirates, Injun fighters, outlaws, lumberjacks, mountaineers, whalemen, all are there. It is odd that a good many of us might have thought that New York State had lost its folk-memory. But Harold Thompson was raised at Hamilton Col-

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lege, which more than most has made a tradition of the spoken word and the word in song. His family memories go back to the beginnings of a Western county (Chautauqua), and his many years of teaching at the State College in Albany have given him a chance to set inquiring students all over the State on the track of legends and ballads. A long continued series of radio broadcasts on folklore also brought him much valuable tradition. Not the least interesting part of this fascinating book is the appendix, in which he records the many sources and channels of his information.

Nothing is more interesting to any student of literature than to find an old ballad, originating perhaps on the Scottish border, cropping up again three or four hundred years later in Adirondacks or Mohawk Valley complete with local allusion and adaptation. Thompson traces us many such; he tells of our fascinating richness of place names—from the Indian alone over 500 in York State; of the famous saga of the Loomis family, New York's most dangerous outlaws; or the Tall Tales of the woodsmen (*e.g.* the owl that wrings its own neck watching the man walk around the tree); or our York State proverbs with their Scots-Irish tang. Whalers at Sag Harbor (did you know that the whalemen of Nantucket learned their trade from the Long Islanders?) and lumber-rafters on the Delaware River, and witchcraft and wanchancy doings in the land of the patroons, or the Great Cheese from York State served by Old Hickory at the White House in 1835, or the Cardiff Giant (one of whose owners was the father of Westcott who wrote "David Harum")—these and a hundred other themes, comic or cruel, are the author's repertoire. Such matters are in his own blood and he tells con amore how as a boy he and his grandfather had an evening ceremony:—

> We played Five-Fingers; I read aloud a psalm; then he had his whiskey, said his prayer in a stage whisper, and drew the curtains of his bed. Our favorite battles, because *he* liked them, were the Boyne and Waterloo.

So he comes natively by his feeling for romance. He is quite right in telling us that Massachusetts has garnered too much of the Revolutionary *kudos*. You will know a lot more American history after enjoying this book. He has promised a successor volume some day, to include musical notation also. I look towards it, meantime humming one of his canal-chanteys to a tune of my own; such as:—

> Erie it is ragin' and our gin is gettin' low—
> I hardly think we'll get a drink till we get to Buffalo.

Three Centuries of Art

WESTERN EUROPEAN PAINTING OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. 873 *pp., with index.* 413 *illustrations.* $6.

Reviewed by RUTH W. KENNEDY

PROFESSOR MATHER has given us another book in a series of useful and readable summaries for "the art-lover with scholarly tastes." It is a fluid narrative which leads the reader briskly and comfortably through the whole development of art in the Germanies, in France, in the Low Countries, and in Spain, from the late Gothic fifteenth century, through the Italianizing sixteenth century, to the climactic formation of the national and "idiomatic" styles of the seventeenth century—a century so glorious in northern Europe, and so like a descent into Limbo in the Italy from which much of the impetus had come.

An illuminating introductory essay clarifies the fundamental differences between the Renaissance in Italy and in the rest of Europe. Each succeeding chapter begins with a synthesizing generalization on the art of the time and place to be considered, and is followed by a series of brief biographical sketches and critical estimates of each of the most significant artists and by lively comment on a selected number of his pictures. Professor Mather tends to weight the literary rather than the purely pictorial qualities of art in his criticism, and is sometimes surprisingly apologetic in his references to "the mere make" of a picture, although it is evident that much of his own enjoyment comes from the particular things which distinguish painting from all the other arts—the medium, the handling, the line, the disposition of the mass, the color. Appendices at the end of the volume give a consolingly well commented bibliography and considerable documentary material in translation which brings out the intimate flavor of each period. It is all put together in a way which testifies to long years of practice in presenting the material through the graphic analysis, laced with sprightly anecdote, which best sticks in the mind of the student.

The reader will not wish to scamp one of the 784 pages, for fear of missing such amusing thumb-nail sketches as those of Jan Scorel or Fernandez Navarrete, or of failing to pick up the portable phrases which occur on page after page like the "tempered delectation" of Poussin or the "exotic dexterity" of the Italianizing

Frick Collection

Frans Snyders, by Van Dyck. (From "Western European Painting of the Renaissance.")

Flemings. Professor Mather's reactions are admittedly personal, and in so long a pageant, it would be impossible for him to have an equal sympathy with each of the personages. One may find oneself disappointed in his moralizing attitude toward the beguiling Cranach, or in his imputations of lack of artistic coherence to Velasquez' lovely Venus in London, or one might wish that Carel Fabritius had received more emphasis; but one is so comforted by his lack of enthusiasm for Dürer's religious painting and so delighted with his appreciation of the vigorous qualities of Ruysdael's visions, of the sacramental character of Vermeer's feeling for the beauty of the home, or of the courageous veracity of Zurburan, that one is grateful for his habit of candor.

The designer of the book has had a good idea, both from the point of view of economy and of pedagogy, in grouping the relevant illustrations at the beginning of each chapter; but the quality of the half-tones is often so poor that one wonders how the reader who has been stirred by Mr. Mather's account of Grünewald's Isenheim altarpiece or of Greco's Assumption of the Virgin at Toledo, and who has never seen either the original or a good photograph, can possibly feel anything but frustrated. It is perhaps unkind to quote a passage from the appendix of the book: "The best reproductions are none too good for the serious student of painting."

Ruth Wedgwood Kennedy is the author of "Alesso Baldovinetti: a Critical and Historical Study."

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The Force of Ideas

AFTER THE DELUGE: A Study of Communal Psychology. Vol. II. By Leonard Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 316 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH R. STRAYER

IN his first volume Mr. Woolf outlined his thesis and worked out his basic definitions. The thesis was that our present difficulties were due to the imperfect acceptance and uneven application of the democratic idea. The definitions dealt with the concept and practice of democracy. This assertion of the importance of abstract ideas was greeted with bitter skepticism by reviewers of the extreme right and extreme left. Radicals accused Mr. Woolf of ignoring the truths of economic determinism, conservatives of neglecting the realities of political power. But reviewers who believed, with the author, that ideas have an independent life and a visible influence on human affairs praised the book as an important contribution to political thought.

This second volume should strengthen the latter estimate of the work. Mr. Woolf has gone beyond the abstractions of his introductory chapters and has begun to test his thesis by applying it to specific events. In the present volume he discusses the influence of the democratic idea in the agitation which led to the French Revolution of 1830 and the English Reform Bill of 1832. It is a beautiful piece of analysis, and should fascinate anyone who is interested in the way in which human desires modify human institutions. Mr. Woolf writes with remarkable clarity and force, and his parallels between the anti-democratic forces of the post-Napoleonic period and those of the present day are worth careful consideration.

Mr. Woolf calls this analysis "a study of communal psychology," instead of a study of public opinion, and seems to make an effort to avoid the latter phrase. This preference for an unusual and somewhat artificial term may be due to the loose way in which the more familiar concept has been handled. Public Opinion, like its predecessors Fortune, Providence, and Natural Law, has been one of those mysterious elements which historians have invoked to balance their equations between human plans and human achievements. Some writers never tried to analyze it. Many contented themselves with a study of its superficial aspects, with the opinion which can be whipped up by a newspaper campaign and which subsides as quickly as it is raised. Mr. Woolf is interested neither in mysterious nor in surface movements. He is trying to study the basic ideas which are held tenaciously and shift very slowly, which permeate all classes and influence all political and economic forces. As the author says in the early pages of the book: "The kind of lives men lead and therefore the civilization which they enjoy are . . . determined by the equilibrium or disequilibrium between three factors: political institutions, the economic structure of society, and social ideas and ideals."

Obviously Mr. Woolf does not deny the importance of political and economic forces. In one of the most biting passages in the book he denounces writers who deny the existence of a class struggle in the early nineteenth century. But he insists that economic factors alone will not explain the origin or the results of the revolutions of the 1830s. Was it common economic interests which bound together liberal aristocrats, the bulk of the middle class, and the leaders of the proletariat, or was it their common acceptance of some phases of the democratic idea? When the middle class clothed its will to power in the language of democracy, was it mere hypocrisy? If so, why did middle class leaders put some democratic principles into effect? If they did not really believe in the democratic ideal, why were they so embarrassed when radicals began to demand its application to the working class? In the long run is there anything more real, more inescapable, than an idea?

Joseph R. Strayer is on the faculty of Princeton University.

Dancing in the Spotlight

INTRODUCTION TO THE DANCE. By John Martin. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1939. 363 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EMILY GARDINER

JOHN MARTIN is deeply stirred by the dance; his reactions are warm and energetic, and he represents the type of spectator that every professional dancer longs for. In his faithful reviews in the *New York Times,* and in his Sunday column, he has developed an unusual facility for writing about the dance in a straightforward and popular style. His published books, on the other hand, have hitherto been laboriously analytical and unsatisfactory because his reasoning has carried him so far afield. "Introduction to the Dance" combines the lucid style of his reviews with a greater scope than his former books.

Alfred A. Kohn

Doris Humphrey

He has always been a champion of Isadora Duncan and Mary Wigman, and has contributed a helpful creative criticism to the American dancers who have followed in their paths. But until recently he has neglected primitive ritual and dance, which can be so illuminating to the contemporary dancer who is trying to blaze a trail into naturally expressive movements unhampered by any established style. He has formerly condemned, as an artificial and decadent form, the ballet which is an accumulated heritage of three hundred years, and which cannot help influencing the dancer of today whether in revolt or in obeisance.

He has now acquired the broader point of view, that comes with large reading, and with constant seeing of all kinds of dance. His reviews of recent ballets have shown as much warmth of understanding as his reviews of Wigman, for instance, have done in the past. And now this book indicates clearly how his critical ability has increased with a more complete grasp of the dance as a whole.

The book consists of an analytical first part, "The Dance in Theory," and a live second part, "The Dance in Action." The latter is a wonderfully clear, brief, well-proportioned summary that makes good reading. It deals with recreational dance, then spectacular dance, chiefly ballet, and then "expressional" or modern dance. In the latter field Mr. Martin discusses the outstanding talents. A chapter at the end on the dance in education should be published as a pamphlet and distributed to schools and colleges.

The illustrations are well chosen and amusingly arranged; there is an index. John Martin writes better when he is less analytical in his approach. His esthetics are often dull, and one wishes that he would not employ so many analogies; but these are details. On the whole the book is excellent.

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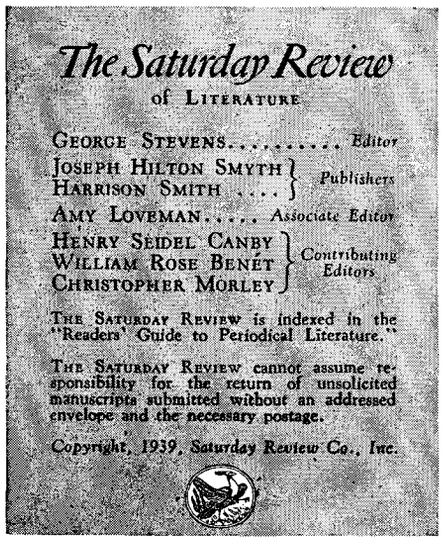
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Heywood

I THINK Heywood Broun would have been genuinely shocked by some of the tributes printed after his death; for I believe that in the later months of his life he had begun to achieve a way of thinking and feeling in which Privacy is more important than Publicity. Under the apparently naif exhibitionism, and a sort of intellectual strip-tease which was his armor wherein he trusted, there was a deep humility and a terrified search for certainty. He always took an innocent pleasure in being what used to be known as a Man about Town; and little by little he discovered that the Town that is most interesting is the City of God. In that latter no one is pointed out; there is no consciousness of self; there is, one may believe, the blessing of anonymity and forgetfulness.

I always thought of Heywood as a kind of medieval figure; a strolling friar—how much more becoming a brown robe and knotted cord would have been—a sort of huge Santa Claus. He took his simplicity and kindliness into the most disconcerting slums there are—among night clubs and wisecrackers and Racqueteers—and was everywhere beloved for his drollery and devotion. He was overworked (as Santa Claus always will be) wrapping and delivering innumerable parcels of generosity. Anything that looked to him like cruelty or oppression enlisted his immediate and bewildered and chivalrous anger. The medieval and monkish flavor of his mind was best shown in his love of fables, parables, allegories. Even his love of his hobby, painting, was evidence of that. In a different age he would have been enormously happy coloring rubrics and fanciful bright vignettes on old vellum chronicles. When in 1921 I reprinted his beautiful and satirical little fairy tale "The Fifty-First Dragon" in an anthology of contemporary essays, I said "Heywood Broun is likely, in the next ten or fifteen years, to do as fine work, both imaginative and critical, as any American of his era."

This, in occasional flashing sword-strokes, came to pass; but not as often as one hoped. His profession as daily columnist, his preoccupation as crusader for various causes, his diffusion among sociable and generous concerns, increased the temperamental dispersiveness of his mind. He was too humane, too genuinely interested in people, for the savage concentration required by art. His mind, I used to think, was sometimes as disorderly as his person. When he measured himself against anything precise, lucid, articulated, he was likely to fumble. The elementally French grammar that flunked him at Harvard was perhaps symbolic. But where powers of intuition and observation were concerned, whether in poker or politics, he became wise and efficient. Those of us that are relatively average in body or bearing can scarcely guess the handicap imposed upon a mind incarnated in such a conspicuous figure. That beefy and kindly bosom was the broad battleground of the most militant complexes, where opposing troops struggled in briars and thickets. It was surely this, in part, that drove our friend to so many chivalries at once.

Beneath that partly guileful naiveté there was great wisdom and shrewdness in Heywood, and humor of the most endearing ricochet. His unshockable tolerance, his sympathy with all kinds of creative experiment, were of the greatest service in our Book-of-the-Month Club meetings—where he never once (in nearly fourteen years) arrived on time. This, he said, was to avoid eating too much at the lunch table; but he always ate as much dessert as he could lay hands on; especially raspberry ice cream. In an age increasingly machined and regimented Heywood was an invaluable liaison officer, or commuter, between two worlds, the Flesh and the Spirit; the Serious and the Merry. Few of us will ever know anyone who has more of both. Two of the best things he ever wrote—in his habit of baring his bosom to the moon—were his obituary tributes to Ruth Hale and to his father. In the latter he suggested as a final inscription, *He took and gave much joy in life.* This may well be his own.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

This tribute to Heywood Broun was written on behalf of the Book-of-the-Month Club committee of judges, of which Mr. Broun was a member, and is being sent to subscribers of the Club. It is printed here with acknowledgments to that organization.

Note for the End of 1939

AS sticklers for the decimal system will point out, this week does not close a decade. It does, however, bring the thirties to an end: a milepost for future literary historians. What they will make of the thirties we do not predict; but if it is too early to see the woods, the occasion is appropriate for pointing out a few of the most obvious trees.

In America, as everyone has said, the thirties have been characterized by a temper of social awareness, in contradistinction to the self-expression of the twenties. The young striker supplanted the moon-calf; economics supplanted psychoanalysis as required reading for the literati. The prevailing temper of the thirties, as of the twenties, led to the writing and publication of many books that seemed more important than they were, because they were characteristic. But perhaps they were leading somewhere. It is noteworthy that "Look Homeward, Angel" was published in 1929, and "The Grapes of Wrath" in 1939.

Together with social awareness has arisen an increasing consciousness of American history: a consciousness centered in the Civil War, but with abundant manifestations in many other periods, as in most American regions. The enormous vogue of the historical novel as entertainment has partially obscured its significance; but this is not to draw too fine a distinction, for significance and entertainment value are not without interesting relationships. "Gone with the Wind" will be important to literary historians if only for sociological reasons.

Certainly related to the temper of social awareness is the considerable trend in fiction to the depiction of violence (Cain, O'Hara, et al). Alternately crude and slick, the novel of violence has been more significant for what it suggested than for what it accomplished (notable exception: Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men"); whatever its future development, it derives from the thirties.

Abroad the thirties have seen the rise of the panoramic novel in France, in the continued work of Duhamel and Martin du Gard, in the serial novels of Louis Aragon and René Béhaine; most significantly in the unfaltering progress of Jules Romains' "Men of Good Will," which reaches the first world war as the second breaks out. And from other continental origins the thirties have seen the notable beginnings of a literature in exile. It may turn out that the most significant symbol of the literary decade is the choice by Thomas Mann of another great exile as the subject of his magnum opus, the "Joseph" novels.

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Letters to the Editor: *Americans and Poetry; "Illusion in Java"*

Error and the Opposite

SIR:—Leonard Bacon's article, "Americans and Poetry," I am glad to note, still stalks abroad; new issues of your magazine piled upon it have not made it a quiet grave. The problems posed have an acute actuality and relate almost equally to all the arts.

Though perhaps error is overthrown only by "error of an opposite kind," there is a moment surely when the ruling error is losing grip and the new pretender is gaining followers; and during this short space truth may get a hearing. We are now in one of those intervals. We have had a long period of experimentation in the arts, and in spite of the theorizing which accompanied it, much of this experimentation has been of the trial-and-error sort. Many artists are too deeply engaged for or against this experimentation to alter their positions; but the vast majority would now welcome a revelation of the truth no matter how bitter it might seem at first. Many artists are working without conviction and hoping for a new Messiah. Let us hail instead this interregnum and hope it will last long enough to give us many essays like Mr. Bacon's. A few years ago it would have been wasted.

ORVILLE H. PEETS.
Delaware Art Center,
Wilmington, Del.

Nightmare after D. C. 297

What time Elohim sent alluvions
To flood lomitas in New Mexico,
Scarlatti and Schahriah, strepitant,
Were daffy over Irish, as you know.

O Bradstreet, toning dun to pale yvette,
Edenic your anthesis Extra Muse.
I raise the scyphus and in silence drink!
—Jejune the idiom we poor idiots use.

W. H. MANN.
Lakewood, Ohio.

Gene Fowler's New Novel

SIR:—When I finished reading Gene Fowler's "Illusion in Java" I asked, "Can it be as good as I think it is?" I decided to wait to see what *SRL* would say; that would prove it. Finally it came, and you dismissed the most significant novel of the season with that little inadequate column by one H. A. S. "Get ready, Paul Muni," indeed!

Can't you tell when an author has found himself? Here is a new Fowler, a Fowler who has learned what only suffering can teach. A Fowler who knows the difference between the cruelty of Faulkner and real pain! There is more real beauty and suffering and truth in this one book than in all the many words that Steinbeck ever wrote.

This book will live. It is written in the eternal language of blood and bone, of longing and joy, of despair and song. It makes you know what you cannot say. Here is a Fowler who has learned to get away from his material so we can see the eternal man on the pages and not the author dressed up like a naughty boy.

Excited as I am about this book and its reincarnated author, I am more excited about what this means for our literature. Isn't it about time someone saw that we are fed up on cruelty and obscurity, on Faulkner's floundering and Steinbeck's barehandedness? There's nothing so unusual about a mud puddle, after all! Give us men again, Fowler!

W. C. BLACK.
Rosemead, Calif.

"All I did was ask her for a set of George Meredith."

An Ape for a Grandfather

SIR:—Replying to the request of Henry H. Goddard in your issue of December 9, I enclose the following information.

Darwin's book "On the Origin of Species" appeared in 1859. At the British Association meeting at Oxford in 1860, the doctrine of evolution was the main topic for discussion. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce of Oxford led the opposition while Huxley championed Darwin's cause. The Bishop, known to the Darwinists as Soapy Sam, ended a subtle but evasive attack on the "Origin" by enquiring of Huxley, who was present as "Darwin's bulldog," if it "was through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed descent from a monkey?"

Huxley made the famous reply: "I asserted, and I repeat, that man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there was an ancestor whom I should feel ashamed of recalling, it would rather be a *man,* a man of restless and versatile intellect, who not content with success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice!"

The above account may be found in John W. Judd's little book "The Coming of Evolution" published in 1911 by the Cambridge University Press. Another similar account appears in "Charles Darwin" by Geoffrey West, published in 1938 by the Yale University Press.

MILTON FINKLE.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The foregoing account is quoted from a letter of John Richard Green, and may also be found in Leonard Huxley's "Life of Thomas Huxley". The same incident is also mentioned in Wells's "Outline of History"; William R. Rutland's "Thomas Hardy: A Study of His Writings and Their Background"; in Ada L. F. Snell's introduction to the Riverside edition of Huxley's "Autobiography and Selected Essays"; and in Donald Culross Peattie's "Green Laurels." We are indebted to a number of correspondents for this information.—ED.

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Susceptible or Immune?

WHAT'S YOUR ALLERGY? By Dr. Laurence Farmer and George Hexter. New York: Random House. 1939. 234 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

YOU may think you haven't any, or that yours are strictly psychological. But the odds are that sooner or later a food, a flower, or a cat you have cherished many years may turn on you and make you acutely miserable. That today you can sniff rag-weed or stalk through poison ivy with impunity is no guarantee for the future. Dr. Farmer tells us of a girl patient to whom champagne and caviare suddenly became poison. "Some fifteen percent of living Americans are subject to allergic disorders," say Dr. Farmer and Mr. Hexter, and "if minor food allergies are included the percentage would be as high as 66⅔ percent." Furthermore the menace lies not only in the food we eat or the air we sniff, but "one may be sensitive by contact to almost any sort of material." Six million persons suffer annually from hay fever alone. So it behooves all of us to know that allergic is something more than a vogue word favored by sophisticates.

In this book Dr. Laurence Farmer, chief of a New York allergy clinic, assisted by George Hexter, undertakes to explain the theory of the whole complicated process called, since 1906, "allergy." Together they have produced a valuable and highly interesting exposition.

Although all the symptoms now grouped as allergy have been recognized and described since early medical history, no one saw reason to relate them until the turn of this century. To the bewildered doctors there was little reason to conceive of a connection between the wheezings of asthma and the stormy gastric reaction to eggs, between hives that broke out after eating strawberries and the sneezing that followed the stroking of a cat. Much talk there was of "personal idiosyncrasies," but the mystery remained unsolved. Then one day in 1901 the French physiologist, Charles Richet, went cruising with the Prince of Monte Carlo on his laboratory yacht. The result was his discovery of an involved physio-chemical process that took place in a dog's cells under specific conditions. This process he described as a violent contest between resting antibodies in the tissues and the introduced allergen, a contest that resulted in so much cell destruction as to cause death of the dog. Richet made no application of his discovery, but he furnished a key to the mystery, and for his work he was given the Nobel prize. He called the process he had observed "anaphylaxis." Five years later the word "allergy" was coined, supplanted "idiosyncrasy," and for some reason captured the imagination of the public until it now threatens to become incorporated in the nation's slang.

Following their lively picture of allergy's history, the authors introduce us to the allergens, describe their action, the part played by heredity, and the explanation of the changing susceptibility of the individual. They illustrate the story freely with interesting anecdotes. Before treatment can begin the offending allergen must be located, and since the suspects number hundreds, the search often demands the agility of a Sherlock Holmes. One firm alone lists over eight hundred extracts for skin testing. The situation is further complicated when the offender is not one but a gang. Despite the advance in diagnostic measures, the most satisfactory treatment is still the removal of the patient from contact with his allergen. This may be comparatively simple as in hay fever cases, or it may be impossible, not only for economic reasons, but often because of the ubiquitousness of the irritant. In those cases the effort is made to reduce sensitivity. This is done either by successive injections of specific allergen extracts or by feeding by mouth increasing amounts of allergens. Thousands of persons have been relieved by this therapy although it is freely admitted that specific desensitization is by no means always successful.

There remains still much to do before this newest infant of the medical family will attain its growth. Scientists are not yet agreed as to the details of the allergic drama; they hope to find a method of generic rather than specific desensitization. But the story is well advanced and we have every reason to anticipate a happy ending.

Of Mice and Moose

EYES IN THE NIGHT. By Tappan Gregory. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1939. 243 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CLIFFORD H. POPE

ONE could scarcely imagine a more fascinating hobby than taking flash pictures of wild animals at night. Here is a way to get all the joy of outdoor life and the thrill of the hunt without suffering the inevitable remorse at the sight of some magnificent creature reduced to a rotting mass of flesh and bone. Moreover, all seasons are open to the camera huntsman, all restrictions waived, and every animal counted legitimate game.

Tappan Gregory relates experiences of more than thirty years with mammals of all sizes from mice to moose, and the behavior of the former is by no means less interesting than that of the latter. What could be more amusing than the enterprising white-footed mouse with a crumpled ear that vanished as if by magic at the explosion of the flash powder but returned to finish the bait while the plate was being changed and this in spite of being chased away more than once. Nor did its antics end here: after again setting off the flash it made a bed of leaves between camera and housing and turned in for a cozy night's rest.

Mountain lions proved to be wary and, fortunately, not a bit inclined to put the apparatus to such novel use. Although a special expedition was made to a part of northern Mexico where they abound, the initial success was not achieved until more than two weeks after "sets" had been made. Every precaution was taken and oil of catnip used as a lure. The first lion apparently leaped thirteen feet when it took its own picture, so no doubt it would have vanished into darkness like the mouse had anyone been there to see, or rather try to see. More than one interloping bobcat was photographed.

From "Eyes in the Night"

Although "Eyes in the Night" is well illustrated with the remarkable results of Mr. Gregory's work, it is not primarily a picture book, the narrative chapters having about eight pages of text to one of illustration. The style is as pleasing as the author's

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passion for nature and interest in its protection. From start to finish the book is an appeal for conservation in the broadest sense; we read, for example: "With it all, I have never been able to work myself into the fine frenzy that calls for the destruction of every porcupine. They are part of the north woods—they belong there, and I like to see them. They could give us all valuable instruction on how to climb trees."

The last two chapters tell how to take flash pictures and give photographs and detailed drawings of the apparatus which, contrary to what one would think, does not have to be complicated or expensive. It is also significant in this connection that the author confesses to having received almost as great satisfaction from success with backyard neighbors as from that with timber wolf or mountain lion.

There is an index but no list of illustrations.

The World Is a Comedy . . .

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

CUT the heart out, let the brain—
Innocent of any pain—
Function as the curtain rises
On a clownish earth's surprises.
Register the rapid news
Calculated to amuse.
Man has nothing more to lose.

Feel no more, but only think
Of what dead men get to drink,
And of what some living eat,
Fire and fever in the street.
Think the thoughts of drowning crews
(Oceans never show a bruise).
Man has nothing more to lose.

Never weep, but ponder well
All the funniness of hell:
Bomb-proof shelters in the park,
One-eyed cities in the dark,
Exiles whom all ports refuse,
Of the Spaniards and the Jews.
Man has nothing more to lose.

Think what they are fighting for,
And who won the last World War,
Think of glory or of guile,
Only think, and you must smile.
Careful thought provides the clues
To the merriment we choose.
Man has nothing more to lose.

Elizabeth's Fighting Man

ELIZABETH AND LEYCESTER. BY Frederick Chamberlin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1939. 487 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLARD M. WALLACE

THIS is an interesting book, dramatic in purpose, setting, and personalities, and very readable. But Mr. Chamberlin has ventured upon dangerous ground. He attempts to vindicate a man known to his world and ours as rash and iniquitous, for legend has the magnificent Leicester as fool, rake, and assassin. Mr. Chamberlin with much feeling disagrees, and attacks sources and later raconteurs. At times, indeed, his biography of Leicester reads like a lawyer's brief, so detailed is its analysis.

Was Leicester a rake and an assassin? Mr. Chamberlin hotly avows that at least he was no assassin. Actually doubt has always existed that Leicester would kill his wife, Amy Robsart, in order to marry the queen. Whether the poor lady's neck was broken by accident or design remains a mystery. All that can be said is that she died opportunely but —in view of the effect upon the rumored nuptials between Leicester and Elizabeth—most unwisely. There are other shady tales, dealings in poison and violent death, linked with Leicester, but Mr. Chamberlin disposes of most of these as scurrilous libels.

Leicester in 1588

Leicester's reputation as a rake is another matter. Mr. Chamberlin does not deny Leicester's capacities for indulgence—he merely qualifies them or conveniently passes them by. But his assertion that Leicester was no fool must bear investigation. Leicester, avers the author, stood high in the favor of Elizabeth, and was head of the war party, which included Walsingham and Drake. For Leicester, we are told, saw that England's security could be achieved only by war, and to this end he labored unceasingly, though opposed by the unscrupulous, conservative Burghley and the equally cautious queen. Mr. Chamberlin implies that as leader of the English forces in the Netherlands, Leicester showed sagacity and courage in opposing the Spanish, keeping the Dutch together, and appeasing the willful queen. Later he was commander of the troops at Tilbury awaiting a Spanish landing, should Howard and Drake lose to the Armada. Surely this man was no fool; such is Mr. Chamberlin's contention.

Whether Leicester was or was not a fool may be a matter of opinion and definition, but Mr. Chamberlin goes too far. The colossus bestriding the age was not Burghley, not Walsingham, not even the queen; it was Leicester—or so one gets the impression. For Leicester, in Mr. Chamberlin's mind, was clearly the dynamic force within Elizabethan England, and Mr. Chamberlin evidently has an admiration for dynamics—provided they succeed. The war party won. Yet it should be noted that only when the queen and Burghley believed England as ready as she ever would be, did they assent to war. Neither Leicester nor — it seems — Mr. Chamberlin appreciated the immensely difficult and delicate task both of keeping Drake and his sea-dogs in bounds, while letting them occasionally run to test their strength and that of the enemy, and of holding a militant English Catholicism in check, building up resources and loyalty at home through peace, working abroad through long years of tortuous diplomacy—striving desperately to avert an open break with Spain until England was in a position sufficiently secure to afford a rupture. There was no time or place for impatience or reckless mismanagement. The stakes were too high, and Elizabeth and Burghley of no mind to take unnecessary chances.

So while Mr. Chamberlin may condemn Elizabeth, malign Burghley, and belittle Walsingham, all to the greater glory of Leicester, the earl's stature still remains a matter of few cubits. While his task was no sinecure, his conduct of the war certainly lacked the masterful touch. He was no match for Parma in the field. He played fast and loose with the Dutch. He fell into their trap by accepting from them the governor-generalship strictly against the command of Elizabeth. Perhaps it would be kinder to say that, if not a fool, Leicester was hardly judicious, Mr. Chamberlin to the contrary. The world has long awaited the vindication of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester. It is still waiting.

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The Rivers of America

BY GEORGE R. STEWART

WHAT should a book about a river really be? Should it be the story of the river itself, of the river and its tributaries, of the river valley, of the people who inhabit the valley, or of all of these mingled? In other words, how are we to derive from a vague fluvial idea that essential unity without which no satisfactory book can be written?

One fact is sure—these uncertainties have not prevented the writing of books about American rivers. As early as 1770 Philip Pittman had produced a Mississippi volume, so that Cramer's Ohio-Mississippi of 1801 and Flint's Mississippi of 1831 were really latecomers. These early works were largely in the nature of descriptive guidebooks for traveler and immigrant, but some of them included historical sections. In the first years of the present century we even had a river series, including the Ohio, Hudson, Colorado, and others—solid historical works, and not bad r e a d i n g either. In 1933 appeared Fergusson's excellent "Rio Grande"; this work has probably exercised a considerable influence upon later writers because of its emphasis on the river-valley as an environmental unit. On the other hand, Ludwig's widely read "Nile", although dealing also with the people of the river-valley, puts its chief emphasis upon the stream itself; as expressed in the subtitle, it is "The Life-Story of a River." Lengyel's recently published "Danube" follows somewhat this same pattern.

Several years have now passed since The Rivers of America was announced in a prospectus, "Rivers and American Folk," prepared by the editor, the late Constance Lindsay Skinner. Of twenty-four volumes promised, seven are now in print. These books have been reviewed individually as they appeared; as yet, however, there has been little attempt to consider the progress of the series as a whole.

For such an attempt a natural place to begin would be with the prospectus. Unfortunately for present purposes, that document is couched more in poetic than in factual language, and only a few general intentions can be deduced from it. Titles notwithstanding, the books were to deal primarily not with the rivers but with the folk of the rivers, or (what this would inevitably mean) with the folk inhabiting the drainage basin. The series was to have a moralistic purpose—to buck up Americans in a time of depression by passing in review their glorious past. Twice in the prospectus the intention was stated of producing "a literary and not an historical series." Unfortunately, no definition was offered for either literary or historical. Along with the historian, the economist and the sociologist were told that this series was not their affair.

Since the prospectus gives directions only at large, we must seek elsewhere for evidence upon which to establish some criteria of criticism; we accordingly turn to the first of the series, "Kennebec," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. As the first book this may naturally be considered a kind of keynote volume. Moreover, in the opinion of this reviewer at least, "Kennebec" is definitely the best of all the books yet to appear. Much of its charm must be credited to the excellence of Mr. Coffin's prose, but we must forgo any discussion of such personal qualities and consider the ways in which he has handled the problem of the river itself.

First of all, he has constantly taken pains to demonstrate a linking between the nature of the region and the nature of its people. The characters, and therefore the incidents, of his story, we come to feel, did not just happen to happen on the Kennebec, but are really Kennebeckian. The author points out ways in which the bitter winters, the hilly farms, and the beautiful river itself have shaped the people and their lives. Under these influences even the immigrant French-Canadians are, he assures us, rapidly becoming Kennebec Yankees. Perhaps at times he overworks his idea, as when he writes: "A person cannot live among these days and so much granite and pungent bayberry and sweet fern and clean evergreen without getting clear and good-smelling inside." But we always feel sure that Mr. Coffin himself believes what he has written. In any case, the close linking of river and people gives to "Kennebec" an essential artistic unity.

Further unity comes from Mr. Coffin's resolute sticking to his last: his subject is the Kennebec and nothing but the Kennebec. As a third point of importance, "Kennebec" strikes a balance between past and present. About a quarter of the book deals with our own period; there is even a chapter on the future. The reader thus lays down the volume with the feeling that the river and its people are carrying on and that a romantic past is decidedly not the whole story.

In some lesser matters "Kennebec" need not be held up as a model. Mr. Coffin is not so careful about unity of idea as he is about unity of place. Also, his affection for his own land lures him into superlatives.

With such an excellent beginning as "Kennebec," the series seemed destined to great things, but Mr. Havighurst's "Upper Mississippi" lost the first fine rapture. By writing almost entirely of the Scandinavian immigrants he failed to produce anything which can be called a comprehensive account of the region. "Suwanee River" by Cecile Hulse Matschat added still a third type to the series. She wrote essentially a local-color piece; or it might be considered a book of travel with emphasis upon flora, fauna, and primitive people. It does not seem to carry forward the editor's intentions or Mr. Coffin's

Drawing by J. O'H. Cosgrave II, from "The Sacramento"

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example; neither does it seem to this reviewer to be an integral part of the series. Yet it is a highly readable book, and in its own genre excellent.

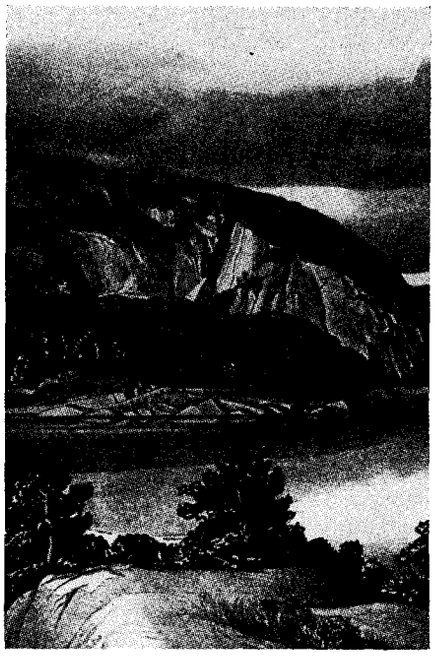
Perhaps the great divergence of the first three books led to more editorial direction; at least, the next four books have all resembled "Kennebec" in type although in their average falling far below it in quality. The best of these later books is certainly Mr. Carmer's "Hudson." Its detail is brilliant; its anecdotes are excellent. But, to this reviewer, it seems lacking in unity of construction; its chapters are too often isolated. More important, it fails to bring out clearly the connections between environment and folkways. The other three books, Mr. Burt's "Powder River," Mrs. Niles's "James," and Mr. Dana's "Sacramento,"* although differing in quality, have much in common. The last of these is the latest volume of the series; it seems, moreover, to represent in certain ways the type into which the river series is hardening.

California is known as a land of rivers which are wild floods in February and dusty stream-beds in August. The Sacramento is not such a stream. Its drainage basin includes a sixth part of California, and receives more than a quarter of the precipitation which falls within the state boundaries. Many a resident of Los Angeles has been surprised to discover that the Sacramento carries a year-round traffic of large steamboats.

In telling the story of this greatest of California rivers, Mr. Dana has not been successful in attaining the standards set by Mr. Coffin. The region has been too recently settled to produce a Sacramentan race as the Kennebec has produced a Kennebeckian. But certainly Mr. Dana might have coördinated geographical and cultural factors more intimately than he has actually done. The book simply fails to make us feel the river intimately, as we come to feel the Kennebec.

One reason for this failure certainly is that too many events not connected with the river monopolize long sections of the book; for unlike Mr. Coffin (but, unfortunately, like Mr. Burt and Mrs. Niles), Mr. Dana does not confine himself to his river. His Part II, a quarter of the whole, is a running summary of California history down to 1847, ranging geographically all the way from Oregon to Lower California. In this section readers of Mr. Dana's earlier works may experience what is known as that I've-been-here-before feeling. They need not, however, attribute it to pre-existence; the explanation is

THE SACRAMENTO: RIVER OF GOLD. By Julian Dana. Illustrated by J. O'H. Cosgrave II. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 294 pp., with index. $2.50.



Drawing by J. O'H. Cosgrave II from "The Hudson."

that to write this part and also some of Part III he has frugally made much use of his own "Sutter of California."

The modern aspects of the river have not been very adequately handled. The only flood-control project treated in any detail concerns some private diking around Grand Island. But the modern Sacramento with its magnificent system of levees, weirs, and by-passes is really a show-piece among American rivers. Under certain conditions a four-mile stretch of the great flooded river can actually be made to reverse itself and flow back up-stream. In enthusiasm for the miracles of the frontier it is a mistake to miss all the modern miracles. In addition, there was a fine chance for a telling contrast to be made between the disastrous bottle-necking effect of private levee-building and the excellent results of coördinated Federal planning.

There are a good many points upon which I feel urged to argue with Mr. Dana on matters of fact, but I shall confine myself to his first two sentences. The first states that the river is 320 miles long; a recent official publication of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers ("The Sacramento River Flood Control Project," 1938) gives the length as 370 miles. The second sentence reads, "The river runs south . . . to San Francisco." In the publication above cited, the river is ended in Suisun Bay near Collinsville, about fifty miles from San Francisco; ordinary usage ends the Sacramento at the same point. To say that the Sacramento runs to San Francisco is like saying that the Hudson runs to Sandy Hook or the Susquehanna to the Virginia Capes.

The Rivers of America opened with an excellent volume; since then the series has produced two which can be ranked as good; but this is not an encouraging average and the curve is declining. To bring it up, the future writers in the series must take thought. They must study their rivers more intimately and carefully, particularly the geographical conditions; they must confine themselves to their own regions and avoid the far-flung sprawl which so nearly manages to overcome all the good qualities of Mr. Burt's "Powder River." To attain proper balance they must not deal too exclusively with a romantic part of frontier exploits, legends, ghost-stories, and good old days.

Moreover, if they read Miss Skinner's prospectus, they should not be lured into believing that what they are writing is "literary, as distinct from historical." I can hardly think of any worse idea to loose broadcast among a group of writers; it has probably done much harm already. To begin with, it is an untenable position. Oh, shades of historians from Thucydides to Parkman, when did literature and history become incompatable? Moreover, these river books (whether literary or not) are certainly some kind of history, unless they are to be taken as fiction. To urge upon a group of writers, few of them trained scholars, that they should not be concerned to be historical is merely to encourage all the natural human tendencies toward carelessness and sloth. I think also that the same attitude may have helped bring about the terrifying discursiveness which disfigures three of these seven books; for, if the standards of history are rescinded, no definite aim remains; one anecdote therefore does as well as another, so that Mrs. Niles can use the story of a Potomac planter for a book on the James River. Finally, literature is a term both vague and high-sounding; it encourages illusions of grandeur. A man dealing in fact is likely to be modest. Persuade the same man that he is writing literature, and he will begin to believe that even his careless jottings are *verbatim* dictations from the nine Muses.

Most people who are interested in American backgrounds probably reacted favorably to the original idea of The Rivers of America, but with almost a third of the volumes published the total of achievement is not very great. Apparently it is difficult to write a good book about an American river. Or perhaps some of these writers merely erred in underestimating the difficulty of the task, and so did not work hard enough and thoughtfully enough. The future is with the seventeen writers who are still to try.

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Women on the Job

IT'S A WOMAN'S BUSINESS. By Estelle Hamburger. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1939. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

A WOMAN'S PLACE. By Hortense Odlum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 286 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH HAWES

ESTELLE HAMBURGER was seventeen when, on September 15, 1916, she went into R. H. Macy & Co. Her book will encourage all young women who may have qualms about being successful business executives, wives, and mothers all at once. The zest for life which sweeps from page one to page three hundred is wonderful. It becomes apparent that a neat combination of brains, imagination, and energy have reaped Miss Hamburger a just reward. She's now executive vice-president of Jay Thorpe in New York, and the mother of twin boys, who have graduated from elementary school.

The rising young female generation probably still needs a good deal of assurance on the virtues of a woman's place in being not necessarily in the home. Miss Hamburger's nice, quick, easy way of telling all on the subject of bosses who let you down, and others who don't—coupled up with the difficulties of getting a proper nurse for a working woman's offspring — the fact that she's not only still alive but obviously more alive than ever, will doubtless turn a lot of working girls into mothers and a lot of mothers into working girls.

It hardly seems fair to take issue with the author when such cheery ideas as hers are let loose in this mixed-up world of today. But those of us business women who, for whatever reasons, write our stories, probably do as much harm as good. There will now be a rush of eager young ladies into the field of Fashion Advertising and their experiences won't prove necessarily as exhilarating as those of Estelle Hamburger. A lot of them will discover that the technique for perfect marital adjustment between the working girl and her man hasn't been very highly developed yet by either husband or wife. We working-girl-writers have a neat way of leaving out that side of the picture. I have perfect confidence in the ultimate solution, but the sexes have a lot to learn about how to handle one another when both are ready to scream after a bad day at the office. Who is to finally take over the housekeeping? Miss Hamburger overlooks this problem, undoubtedly from a perfectly normal desire, shared by most of us, to keep her private life private.

And, to drag in a book reviewer's personal prejudices openly, Miss Hamburger got a justifiable kick out of being among the first to discover that one didn't just tell the public about *beautiful* clothes. No. In 1923, it was found that the trick was to tell them about *new* clothes and, Miss Hamburger candidly admits, "it became more important to be new than be right." My personal theme song is that this is one of the ills of our civilization.

Maybe if I hadn't entered the fashion trade a decade after Miss Hamburger, I would have felt the first excitement instead of the nervous indigestion of an over-stuffed public. Doubtless the coming generation will feel quite differently from either of us. I think they'll get something out of "It's a Woman's Business" to encourage them to slap down the past if they don't like it, and ride rough-shod and triumphant into the future. So I hope a lot of young women read this book.

Hortense Odlum, President of Bonwit Teller, didn't mix her babies and business all up together. Her opinion of a woman's place, in regard to her husband, is stated in her book: "He depended on me to provide in our home a suitable and quiet and orderly background to which he could return at the end of the day for relaxation and contentment. That has always seemed to me to be the woman's primary job."

Whether that is a woman's primary job or not, Mrs. Odlum was swept from it by circumstance. Her husband, a banker, found himself stuck with Bonwit Teller when it was a total flop. She wasn't very busy at home, since the children were grown and the home established, so she went into the store —and made it over.

This book is rather stiffly written and dull in spots, but taken in relation to Miss Hamburger's book, and to the problem of a woman's place in life, it proves quite fascinating. Coming into a store to work as a mature woman, Mrs. Odlum put her finger on the sore spot—the spot which throws a lot of stores. Mrs. Odlum was primarily interested in the consumer, the woman who was trying to buy what she wanted and needed. Fantastic as it seems, the consumer is usually the last thought of any store. Miss Hamburger, I believe, never once mentions the consumer in relation to the advertising, except to say that, in the early days, R. H. Macy's advertising department of three people hadn't the foggiest idea who really read the ads.

The dream-store which Mrs. Odlum conjures up as being Bonwit Teller ought to bring them a lot of customers —and if Bonwit Teller weren't more satisfactory to women than a lot of other stores, their success wouldn't be increasing as it is. However, the perfect department store is still on the other side of the rainbow whatever the ideals may be. Mrs. Odlum's ideals are fine. She gives out a lot of good common-sense advice on the subject of dressing.

Whereas Miss Hamburger's book is one for the fiery young zealot who is consumed with a desire for action, Mrs. Odlum's book can well be read by the older generation. She went into a job latish in life and she is doing the job successfully. She had inordinate luck in getting the job, but none the less, her experience will encourage those older women who find themselves forced into business when their first fine frenzies are over.

Spokesman of a Nation

(*Continued from page* 4)

maker and profiteer, lunches with government officials; Jerphanion, in one of the best but least novelistic passages in the whole volume, analyzes with his former classmate Jallez his impressions of the front; Mareil makes love to Germaine Baader. All our old friends among the characters remain remarkably consistent despite the events. Jallez and Jerphanion continue to discuss everything in their often ponderous *Normalien* manner; Quinette is still riding on the subway, meditating new murders behind a dignified full beard; Clanricard is still grappling with moral problems, though in a trench where men are dying like flies; Gurau is still struggling against corruption and ignorance to save his country. The only familiar character who succumbs in the war so far is Wazemmes, whom we saw start life as an apprentice in a painting establishment of the rue Montmartre; Romains is obviously reluctant to kill his characters in the war, although verisimilitude will not permit them all to survive. He knows as well as anyone the terrible toll which the first years of the war took among young intellectuals who had the rank of officers, and in the next volume he will doubtless have to sacrifice Clanricard in order to spare Jallez and Jerphanion, his chief mouthpieces.

Despite the mass of detailed documentation that lies behind this recreation of the first world war (French military experts have been unable to find any serious inaccuracies in the novel), Romains' point of view is rather that of a civilian than that of a military man. This is fortunate, since the public is made up largely of civilians. Instead of yielding to

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the brutal influences of life in the trenches and slipping back into the infectious uncritical attitude of the barracks to which they were presumably all subjected during their military training, his young intellectuals at the front retain their lucidity and analyze their emotions with an admirable if often unconvincing aloofness. Discussing this work with its author last spring, I told him that I could not read it without wondering constantly if my reactions to the horror of war, somewhere in the trenches of the future, would resemble those of Clanricard and Jerphanion. Jules Romains replied: "That's just it! The more young men feel like that on reading my book, the fewer chances there will be of another world war." The President of the International P. E. N. Clubs is implicity oppsed to war here, as one can see in the irony of his frequent contrasts between the men in the front lines and the officers of the General Staff or of division headquarters. General Duroure's meteoric rise from obscure retirement as a colonel to the command of several divisions in the Vosges, a brilliant and satiric construction based on the study of numerous documents, finds a parallel in Haverkamp's opportune transformation from a real-estate agent to an unscruplous manufacturer of army shoes and hand-grenades. Romains pictures the war not as a tremendous mass movement but rather as a turmoil of individuals and groups spiritually out of contact with each other. Men are little more than passive agents and the war has got completely out of hand. Despite his heroic organization of the defense of Verdun, Pétain is not the master of events; nor is Joffre, in his headquarters at Chantilly. And there is a pitiful significance in the Kaiser's question to the mysterious journalist Maykosen: "How long do you think this war is going to last?"

On some readers "Verdun," published in French over a year ago, will make a somewhat painful impression today as France settles in for another long war. But this should not be a deterrant, since the novel pictures in advance what may soon take place on the western front and does so more vividly than the war correspondents will be able to do. "Verdun," the most faithful and most nearly complete account of the first world war in any novel, proves more conclusively than ever that even if he does lack certain qualities of a Gide, a Mauriac, or a Martin du Gard, Jules Romains is the most *vigorous* novelist in France today.

Justin O'Brien is in the department of Romance Languages at Columbia.

Patent Medicine Man

A GREAT DAY. By Elizabeth Seifert. New York: Dodd, Mead Co. 1939. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ELIZABETH SEIFERT, author of last year's prize novel "Young Dr. Galahad," clings to the subject of medicine in her latest book but approaches it from a different angle. The central figure of "A Great Day" is a successful manufacturer of "proprietaries." He is Stephen Blair, self-made man, and under the seal of the Blair Drug Company he puts out all the medicaments for self-administering that the pure food and drug law will allow. This domineering personality, which sees itself as dominating, is the focal point towards which the individual stories and the stream of social forces all converge. Stephen Blair is a symbol as well as person and the success of the novel depends upon the success in creating the man.

The particular day referred to in the title is the day of the formal opening of the Blair Building. This ugly, shining, white monster is the steel and concrete evidence of the power and prestige of the Blair Drug Company. Every hour of this day is to throw some light upon the character of Stephen Blair and each hour, from seven in the morning until twelve at night, is alloted a chapter. As the hours pass we learn of Stephen's home life. A son of thirteen who will never walk again, an older son at violent odds with his father because of the latter's unethical practices, a daughter who is in love with a doctor (and all doctors are Stephen Blair's natural enemies), a wife who has never had the will or the energy to take the place in society that her husband considered their due; in these we find the gall in Stephen Blair's life. The honey lies in the fame of the Blair products and in the sycophantic attentions of those who know which side of the bread should be buttered. Stephen honestly cannot see why his business is held in contempt by doctors and chemists. If he *knows* that his specifics cannot possibly do what they claim to do, he is still able in some strange way to *believe* that they should. It is in presenting this subjective dualism of personality that Elizabeth Seifert has been most crafty. While Stephen is never quite flesh and blood, because he has to exemplify the author's ideas too continuously, he is convincing as a type.

One suspects that Elizabeth Seifert was more interested in her exposé of the evils of "patent remedies" than in her story. She writes freshly and with vigor of the human guinea pig industry, but she is content when it comes to plot and characterization to deal with the ready-made and theatrical. In the outline of the story of Blair's life we have any number of well-worn fictional incidents, and even in the case of some of the author's obviously favorite characters there is a very bookish flavor. But the novel keeps to a brisk timing, is full of action and entanglements, and has the "now it can be told" touch in its stories of the people who used Blair products to their sorrow. It should not disappoint admirers of "Young Doctor Galahad."

M.D.'s in the Making

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S. By Augusta Tucker. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 332 *pp.* $2.50.

MISS TUCKER'S novel shows us doctors in the making against the background of a great medical school. Or rather it should be put the other way round, for actually it is Johns Hopkins which commands the spotlight while her students like a Greek chorus interpret and proclaim her in every chapter. By 1912 Miss Susie Slagle has operated a boarding house for her two generations of medical students. Led by the hand of Miss Tucker, we follow Miss Susie's "boys" into dissecting-rooms, lectures, and clinics, to a party or two, and smack our lips over her delectable chicken hash and grits. At the end of four years, as the boys are ready to step out into the world, Miss Susie dies of cancer and the book ends with a sentimental death-bed scene.

As a picture of Johns Hopkins and the intensive life that goes on there, Miss Tucker's book is adequate. The physical plant is described with the utmost fidelity to the minutest detail. In fact the only thing I could find that the author had omitted in the Hopkins set-up was any mention of the women students, other than Ben's statement that "a rich old maid said she'd give them the money if they'd let women in as medical students. They agreed." But perhaps they weren't as obviously there as the golden oak stairway. As a novel it must be admitted the book is less successful. The boys themselves are not so much living persons as they are student types. Nevertheless, prospective Hopkins students and their parents will find here much to interest them, as well as that part of the reading public to whom any medical story still has glamor. But some Hopkins alumni may be more exasperated than charmed by Miss Tucker's worshipful admiration of the grand old school.

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The Blotter for 1939

BY JUDGE LYNCH

DURING the year of Our Lord 1939 there were published in the United States of America 233 crime novels. This figure includes omnibus volumes, collections of short stories, spy, gangster, and international intrigue novels. It also includes one more book about Lizzie Borden and the ax.

Of these 233 novels, 117 were published in the Spring (January to June inclusive) and the remainder—116, were published in what the profession quaintly calls Fall (July to December inclusive). This practically even distribution of titles throughout the year indicates that there is no Closed Season for Crime. It would be pleasantly allusive to say that April was the Cruellest Month. But it wasn't. October led with 29 titles published, September followed with 27, and then came April with 23. Anyhow, April was in the money for cruelty.

As the year died away so did the murders. There were only 8 published in December.

In these 233 crime stories 400 men, women, and a few pitifully scattered children met their doom. This figure is surprising and somewhat arbitrary, therefore calling for explanation. It is surprising because it should be, on the basis of 233 stories published, 466. Otherwise the "Two Dollars—Two Murders" rule means nothing. It is arbitrary because it should read "400 *principal* men, women, etc." In arriving at this total, gangster, spy, international intrigue stories, omnibus books and short story collections were either counted out, or in the case of the two terminal classifications figured at two each. Otherwise the slaughter would have been too terrible. Violent deaths of policemen below the rank of Sergeant or, in the case of English stories, Insp., have no place in this total. Nor have the sudden translations to Beulah Land of lesser gangsters than "Big Shots." International-intrigue writers sometimes demolish a whole cellar-full of conspirators with a well placed bomb. At the outset of this survey such a holocaust would have been indicated by the figure 1. Towards the end it was passed by with an impatient toss of the head.

The largest number of *principal* deaths in one story was seven. In another, six unfortunates passed on; in another, five; the threes and twos could be reckoned up by dozens—and in a few cases, most of them, curiously enough, outstanding, the author was content with the elucidation of just one nice clean murder. The most remarkable, in many ways, of all the crime stories published in 1939 didn't have *any* murders in it.

Now how did these people die? Most of them, we are pleased to record, in quite orthodox fashion. The pistol, the revolver, the blunt instrument, the soupçon of arsenic, the vorpal blade, the snickersnee—even the humble ice-pick and knitting needle—still hold their own. Defenestration accounted for a few. Poison gas was mildly popular. There were a couple of incinerations. Two authors, published within a week of one another, eliminated their victims by electrocution in bath-tubs or adjacent thereto. Dry-ice was effectively used as a lethal weapon. So was a steam-shovel. And a falling tree. The "wagh nahk" appeared for the first, and doubtless the last, time in fiction as a murder weapon. Strangulation was pretty common. The good old standby *curare* appeared but twice. Booby traps and devices a la Rube Goldberg or Heath Robinson were few in number, and mostly fool-proof. All in all, the gat, the knife, the deadly brew are still supreme.

Who were these unfortunate wights, and where did they stop the fatal bullet, suffer the cold steel, imbibe the poison, etc.? A varied and cosmopolitan group, they included college professors, philatelists, judges, men of finance, bibliophiles, Eastern potentates, tennis players, editors, advertising men, artists, quite a number of rich old men and women with bad tempers, a housekeeper or two, actresses, play producers, forgers, trained nurses, philandering husbands, ditto wives, and a lot of set-ups who were nothing in particular but good targets for the gat, the knife, the witches' brew, and so on.

They died in Welsh castles, Cotswold manors, racing shells, hospitals, elevators, Long Island mansions, Hollywood palaces, a vast variety of hotel rooms, tourist camps, summer resorts, on top of Radio City, on the tangle of railroad tracks beneath Park Avenue, on mountain peaks, at the seashore, on idyllic South Sea islands, in Malayan jungles, on the stages of theaters, in actors' dressing rooms, at Coney Island, at the World's Fair, on Brooklyn Bridge, in railroad trains, steamships, and in airplanes. The country-house week-end is still most popular with the English writers. American tastes are more various.

Of these 233 crime novels 151 were written by American authors, 82—about one-third—came to us from England. Investigation fails to show any translations from the French, German, Scandinavian, or other outlandish tongues. Sixty-four were written by women, more than one-fourth of the total output. In only 20 of the grand total was the murder committed by a woman. Twelve of the authoresses were completely loyal to their sex and had the killings done by females. There were a few writers whose sex, in a perfectly nice way, was indeterminate. These are enumerated with the men.

About 40 of the 233 titles employed a "talented amateur" as detective. The deduction in the other four-fifths was in the hands of professionals—trained Criminal Investigators, lawyers, police officals of all degrees, Scotland Yard operatives, private detectives, rural sheriffs, and just plain cops. Several killings were solved by a milkman. Contrary to a bad-tempered entry in *The Criminal Record* the 1939 crime novel output was *not* overrun with "nosey spinsters." There were only seven novels in which acidulous and eccentric females of uncertain age held stage center. But they made enough noise for seventy.

Of these 233 crime novels, there were, on sober second thought, about 36 well worth reading. Most of these were by practised hands—in some cases by the same practised hands doing their second or third novel of the year. Only three new authors published during 1939 might be ranked as "discoveries," and one of those, from internal evidence, looks like a practised hand working under another name.

Detective fiction's chief loss during the year was the death of S. S. Van Dine. No more will Philo drop his "g's" and inhale a Regie. Among the notable authors missing from the 1939 scene were Margery Allingham and Dorothy Sayers. American authors came through pretty regularly. And the first ten days of 1940 with 12 titles already scheduled, and possibly 4 more to come, indicates that crime will continue on its merry way.

This is perhaps the most useless survey ever made.

Alfred Adler and Individualism

ALFRED ADLER. A Biography. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 324 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

FOR ten years before Dr. Adler's death in 1935, Miss Bottome was his close friend and student, and undertook this biography at his own request. The biography is a portrait, in oils almost, of a very interesting sitter by a most accomplished painter. It offers a vivid picture of a personality so striking that the background becomes neutral and irrelevant. In its good craftsmanship, and apart from any interest in the subject, the book is very satisfying. But the artist worked too near to her subject for the reader to see around him adequately and to get a perspective of his true place in his profession or in his larger milieu. Similarly the view does not permit of a genetic understanding of the man; it is in no sense whatever a "psychograph," and the vividness of our perception of the picture is not complemented by an equal penetration.

Dr. Adler was born in Penzing, near Vienna, the second of six children. His father was a grain merchant, his family background was cultured. He was raised in the country where there were few Jews, and was a thoroughly

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"assimilated" Austrian. In fact, his biographer tells us, "his whole outlook upon life, and his reactions to it, were typical of an Austrian peasant's, a peasant with particularly keen wits." At the University of Vienna his previous interest in social problems gained a new impetus. As a practitioner of medicine he turned to psychological problems. He joined Freud's group in the early days of psychoanalysis, soon to part from it, owing to an unbridgeable difference of opinion, and to found his own school of "Individual Psychology." His views became internationally known. He taught, traveled, and lectured, and for a time under the Socialist city government, his influence penetrated the school system of the city of Vienna through courses and child-guidance clinics. He was an exceptionally gifted, clear, and witty lecturer, and his fame grew. He died suddenly after a life of complete health. He had married a woman of pronounced character, a Russian fellow-student, with whom he had a very interesting relationship.

The events of Adler's life as Miss Bottome gives them are toned down and serve chiefly to set off the colorful person. The Adler we see is a man living up to a high ideal of brotherhood, a Christian or socialist ideal of coöperation instead of strife, a goal which he incorporated into his psychological writings under the name of "social feeling." He was a convinced practitioner of the belief that neurosis is essentially a falling away from this goal, and the author shows us the manifestations of his thesis in his actions everywhere. Encouraging one of his children, or speaking to a friend, or treating a patient, Dr. Adler is shown exemplifying this conspicuous trait. But equal to his idealism, Miss Bottome finds his shrewdness and witty common sense.

Miss Bottome writes as a disciple who looks to her master's life and personality for an example and inspiration. Hence, her exposition of Adler's theoretical contributions to psychology becomes perhaps too much subordinated to her perception of the personality of which they become a facet. Nor is the historical significance of Dr. Adler's figure assessed sufficiently. But for these matters there are other documents to supplement Miss Bottome's brilliant portrait.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 300)

FLETCHER
IN THE CITY OF NIGHT

City above whose dark tree-tangled park emerges suddenly, unlit, uncannily, a grey ghostly tower whose base is lost in the fog, and whose summit has no end,
City of midnight,
Bury me in your silence.
. . . . . .
Wrap me in your folds of shadow.

Autarky at Work

THE VAMPIRE ECONOMY. By Guenter Reimann. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1939. 350 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

THIS is a useful book. Too much in American literature about Nazism and Fascism has given broad sweep to generalities. Clichés have tended to replace in the minds of the reading public, the feeling for the realities in the dictatorships. What makes Germans "fascists" (a word that is fast becoming devoid of any meaning)? What did the Germans lose when they lost "liberty?"

Guenter Reimann does not deal in generalities. He has set himself a well-defined task: to show something about the world German business men live in. He has a good command of the official and semi-official material available in and outside Germany about the Nazi economy. Besides, he produces extracts from uncensored letters and confidential conversations that German business men indulge in on the sly when traveling abroad. There is, of course, no way of checking the genuineness of these revealing human documents. But there does not seem to be much in them that would run counter to the impressions gained by anybody who comes into close personal contact with members of this group. It is not saying too much that the picture disclosed by Reimann is a vivid introduction into the most astounding large-scale experimentation of our times in economic and social relations.

Nazi economy is, as experts in National Socialism have long since realized, nothing in itself. It is but a by-product of Nazi philosophy. To Hitler's farflung imagination, it is just too bad that economic necessities exist at all and have to be bothered with. His aids have had the grievous task of providing the economic tools to carry out the Fuehrer's political aims. Accordingly we may save the labor of finding formulas to explain Nazi economy. Reimann states: "The system thus is a strange mixture of State interference and planning combined with private management . . . "

The individual business man, who may be the same person at the same desk or in the same shop as before 1933, has certainly undergone a complete metamorphosis in his spirit and in his functions. He is no longer master or victim of economic forces to be handled by him more or less successfully. He has become a slave or victim of the State, or rather of the Nazi Party which is in control of the State. As Mr. Bernhard Koehler, the Party's economic chief, puts it with such disarming naiveté: "We intend to manipulate the economic laws ourselves in place of the private interests and the Jews." Reimann treats clearly and vividly of the various points at which the capitalistic economy has been put out of commission, and of the way in which individuals and institutions react to these changes. He shows how much intrigue, how much corruption, how much blundering enters into this experiment in statecraft.

But all this criticism might miss its point, were the paramount aim of Nazi economy achieved: to prepare the nation for a totalitarian war. It is therefore of special interest that Reimann questions this on top of all other achievements. The argument is that the war preparations have not been fashioned, as one would presume, in a comprehensive plan by army and economic experts, but according to the decisions of the Party; that is, by dilettantes in both military and economic matters. Reimann very interestingly quotes German military experts who fear that the very overstraining of the entire German economic body in the interest of war preparations during these last few years may have endangered Germany's success in war. "Peace economy should be burdened as little as possible by economic preparations for war. The principal aim must be the formation of wealth, the creation of reserves . . . " Thus, even the one goal to attain which the whole people has been enslaved, may have been missed.

Nazism has now led Germany into the long prepared-for war. It would be the most spectacular rehabilitation of economic and political freedom if this system of ruthless militarization proves to have led straight in the opposite direction: to material and moral unpreparedness for war as compared with the happier nations with abiding civil liberties.

WANTED: ANOTHER STEINBECK

Is there among the readers of the SRL an author who is willing and able to do for the *criminal* what Steinbeck has done for the migratory farm worker? I am a criminal psychologist, an authority in my own right, and have accumulated an immense amount of intensely human material on criminals that awaits a gifted hand to convert it into a large novel, a trilogy, or even a saga. Correspondence invited from definitely established writers only. No beginner, however gifted need reply. Correspondence confidential.

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London Book-Talk

BY JOHN HADFIELD

LONDON publishers, like Mr. Micawber and His Majesty's air wardens, are waiting for something to turn up. Authors have been telling us for years that an outbreak of war would mean the ruin of civilization in a night. It didn't. As we recovered from the flurry of evacuation and became weary of expecting the worst, we thought back to the last war, when (so the story goes) books boomed, best-sellers abounded, and everysoldier carried a book of poems in his haversack.

Three months of war have gone by, but none of these things has happened. What *are* we to make of this war?

Well, those of us who read Liddell Hart's "The Defence of Britain" last August are not entirely surprised. The war is being run as a gigantic business affair. The advertising department, thank heaven, has not yet called on Literature to provide "copy." In any case, twenty years of disbelief and pacifism have washed the color out of literary patriotism.

What are writers doing, therefore? Probably seventy-five per cent are serving in Britain's first democratic army, patrolling dark village streets to make sure that the lamps have gone out, or filing correspondence in sub-divisional food offices. Contrary to general belief, very few authors are engaged in the much-abused Ministry of Information.

That veteran fantasist, H. G. Wells, has been warning writers not to get caught in the web of Lord Perth and his propaganda organization. There is still, however, a general freedom of expression in Britain, a freedom which enables Bernard Shaw and Professor Haldane to cry "Heil Stalin!" as often as they wish. Mr. Wells is perfectly free to complain about propaganda or what he will, but anyone who is not too young to remember the last war, nor too old to see this war with a fresh eye, must be impressed by the restraint with which Britain is using propaganda, and by the lack of restraints on intellectual liberty. There is a lack of *news,* and communications are often delayed by the many processes of officialdom; but the basic principle of free thought and discussion has not been tampered with. As a working publisher I can say from direct experience that censorship has scarcely touched the world of books.

Traffic in books is likely to be held up much more by the increase in manufacturing costs, by a shortage of paper, and by the payment of premiums for War Risks Insurance, which has caused great anxiety to the booksellers.

About half of the leading publishers moved out of London on the outbreak of war. Although some of them have returned since then, decentralization is still the outstanding feature of the literary scene. Editors and publishers' readers have their desks at Oxford, Reading, and Malvern, and in small towns of Surrey, Buckinghamshire, and Hertfordshire. Bloomsbury has shed its intelligentzia—though the Reading Room at the British Museum is open again, Literary cocktail parties have lapsed, but Foyles, the Charing Cross Road booksellers, organized a Literary Luncheon for Dr. Benes on November 23rd, which was broadcast throughout Britain and to the United States.

The times are hard for London booksellers, with so many of their customers out of town, and everyone reluctant to move about the streets after dark. Selfridge's book department tried to fight the black-out by spraying a giant copy of Priestley's new book with a luminous substance called "fluorescence." Sotheby's valiantly arranged an auction sale of rare books for November 28th; but the antiquarian bookstores are now entirely dependent on the custom and generosity of American collectors. Meanwhile, outside London bookstores are doing well. Culture has gone back to the country. Bath, Bristol, Exeter, and Cheltenham are again literary centers, and in Oxford a series of talks and readings by well-known authors is being planned under the title of "Literary Diversions."

From 1914 to 1918 America provided Britain with many of its best sellers. Probably it will happen again, though the goods will not have Gene Stratton-Porter features this time. Actually, we have not sighted a conspicuous best-seller yet. "The Grapes of Wrath" carried us into the first week of war, and has sold six printings since. Another Book Society choice is Ethel Vance's "Escape." Sir Philip Gibbs's war novel "Broken Pledges," is succeeding, as all Sir Philip's books do. Donato's "Christ in Concrete" has had unfavorable reviews. In general, I doubt whether the British public has much appetite, just now, for uneasy realism in its reading, whether it be about the war or not. An astrologist's booklet, happily titled "Hitler's Last Year of Power" has had a big sale. This is a freak book, however, and there has not otherwise been any noticeable run on purely escapist books (I exempt Geoffrey Household's vastly popular "Rogue Male" from this class).

Literary taste, for the most part, has not yet shown any sudden changes. Priestley's "Let the People Sing," which was first read as a radio serial, is being liked by the people; so are Brett Young's "The City of Gold," Cloete's "Watch for the Dawn," Milne's autobiography, Masefield's "Live and Kicking Ned," Swinnerton's "The Two Wives," and Noel Coward's book of short stories, "To Step Aside." There's nothing unstable about a public taste which puts those titles at the head of the best-seller list. Even more convincing proof of British bourgeois stability is the great success of "Mrs. Miniver," a typical middle-class lady whose trivial round has been amiably celebrated for a long time in the London *Times,* and is now published in a book. Whether or not "Mrs. Miniver" also becomes a best-seller in America will prove something—but I'm not sure what.

One perceptible effect of the War has been to send many readers back to old books. They are a little unwilling to read (in books, as distinct from newspapers) about the horrors of the day, though they will spare time for something especially timely like Souvarine's "Stalin" or Robert Neumann's Jewish panorama, "By the Waters of Babylon." On the other hand they are in no mood for the merely frivolous (always excepting Wodehouse, and more lately Frank Sullivan, whose Cliché Expert is becoming known here). The staple diet is "the classics." Tolstoy's "War and Peace" has had a great revival. Dickens, too, comes up to the top again. War has its victories, no less than peace.

The outstanding discovery of the season has been Richard Llewelyn's "How Green Was My Valley," a substantial novel about the Welsh, which celebrates basic human qualities, not forgetting humor. It has had a well-deserved triumph. A more chancy success is "The Blaze of Noon," a novel about blindness by a young poet, Rayner Heppenstall. The *Evening Standard* attacked its candid descriptions of sex; at once everyone rushed to read it. Oddly enough, it is a serious and admirable piece of writing. So, too, is Robert Henriques's "No Arms, No Armour," a prize-winning novel that is having a big appeal, perhaps because it closely describes life in the army.

All things considered, there is little evidence of that deterioration in taste that one expects during war. Sir Arthur Eddington's new book, "The Philosophy of Physical Science," is getting plenty of attention. A Shakespeare anthology, "The Seven Ages of Man," has been produced with the special aim of appealing to the fighting services; and many people are buying the new and revised edition of "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

No poet of the war has yet got his lyre into working order. Unhappily, many of the younger poets were communists. Some of them now have the feeling that they have been let down by their side. Others are reported to be finding refuge in the United States—a course which, to the casual observer, has a certain appearance of that "escapism" those self-same poets have so recently deplored. I confess I prefer the unabashed escapism of a rather older poet, Osbert Sitwell, who has not run away, but has provided the public with an enchanting relaxation, a book called "Escape With

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Me," which records his recent travels to Angkor and Peking.

War has no illusions for the literate Englishman, but I have the impression that the vast majority of those who write and trade in books are going to see this war through. They must, if their trade is to survive as a free occupation. In my last letter to the *S.R.L.*, written just before the balloons went up, I reported on the literary ennui and indecision that had been bred by the recurrent fear of war. There is now a very different atmosphere. The fear has changed to reality, and reality has brought back confidence, hope, endeavor.

I wonder if the following story has reached America? A midnight air-raid warning was sounded in Paris, and the occupants of a small hotel, mostly used by English visitors, collected in the hall, wearing overcoats over their pyjamas. "But where is Monsieur Morgan?" asked the Manager. A porter was sent to Monsieur Morgan's room, but, finding a neat pair of brown shoes outside, and hearing the sounds of heavy sleep from within, he did not wake him. The next morning, early, Monsieur Morgan called for his brown shoes, thanked the porter for not spoiling his night's rest, and departed for the Front. His name is usually spelt "Maugham."

How China Carries On

CHAOS IN ASIA. By Hallett Abend. New York: Ives Washburn. 1939. 313 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

IT would be interesting to know the reactions of Tokyo officialdom to this report from the Far Eastern front by the leading *New York Times* correspondent in China. In chapter after chapter it is filled with carefully recorded facts that constitute a damning indictment of Japanese militarism's recent activities in East Asia. Coming from a long observer of Far Eastern affairs who has consistently maintained a judicial and objective attitude toward Japan, the indictment receives added weight. And even in this book, Hallet Abend makes an honest effort in at least one chapter to present what there remains of a Japanese case.

Most of the facts brought out in his survey of the war in China, and its results, will be familiar to the informed reader. Set down in connected form, however, they produce a fresh and powerful impact. The lack of restraint, to put it mildly, exercised by the Japanese military toward Chinese civilians is rightly characterized as one of the most glaring errors of Japanese policy. Incidents drawn from the writer's own experience at Shanghai illustrate the way such actions forfeit that Chinese "coöperation" which Japan bespeaks in official statements and which is the *sine qua non* of an effective establishment of its rule in China. Examples of the various methods by which Japan seeks to finance its way and pursue the economic exploitation of "occupied" China are also revealing.

Some of the figures which Mr. Abend presents place certain aspects of the war in sharp perspective. The number of Chinese who fled into the interior as the Japanese war machine advanced is put at fully thirty million. Japanese casualties to May 1, 1939, according to foreign military observers, are estimated at 150,000 to 200,000 killed, and 400,000 to 500,000 so seriously wounded as to be unfit for further military duty. Chinese casualties are thought to be roughly three times as many as the Japanese.

The single chapter on how China "carries on" from its war base in the interior is rather slim, much less adequate than the total picture which emerges of Japan's activities in the areas it dominates. In one respect—assessment of the guerrilla movement—Hallett Abend seems to stray wide of the mark. In general, he tends to equate the guerrillas with "bandits" and to judge their actions as ineffective, if not definitely harmful. Such a characterization may have had some justice in respect to the early guerrilla activities around Shanghai before the Fourth Route Army established a centralized command in this area. It is not true in North China, where the reports of men like Haldore Hanson and Captain Evans Carlson, who observed the movement at first hand over a period of months, testify to its high effectiveness and strict discipline.

T. A. Bisson is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Between Science and Economics

PIONEERS OF PLENTY: The Story of Chemurgy. By Christy Borth. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 303 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by George Russell Harrison

EDWIN E. SLOSSON'S "Creative Chemistry" told how chemists have been learning to rearrange the molecules of matter to create new perfumes and flavors and drugs, new kinds of rubber and silk and celluloid, from such plentiful and prosaic materials as crude oil and coal and air. "Pioneers of Plenty" carries this story further, but is concerned less with the details of such operations than with the attempts of certain American chemists and their collaborators to apply this program to the benefit of the American farmer and consumer.

Chemurgy is a term for "chemistry at work," coined as recently as 1934 by Dr. William Jay Hale, with whose exploits much of the book is concerned. Writing convincingly and in lively style, Borth recounts the events which led to the founding of the National Farm Chemurgic Council, dedicated to improved coöperation between science, agriculture, and industry, and discusses its principal accomplishments to date.

The book contains a fascinating mixture of science, politics, and biography, telling its story in terms of the projected visions of such men as Dr. Hale, who has done much to develop cheap alcohol from farm products for mixing with gasoline for motor fuel; Dr. Charles H. Herty, who started a new industry for the South by showing that a quick-growing Southern pine could produce five times as much wood-pulp per year for newsprint paper as could a spruce tree of the North; that particularly Celtic mixture of shrewd lawyer, adroit politician, and philanthropic planner, Francis Patrick Garvan, who was responsible, through his Chemical Foundation, for much of the post-war development of chemistry in America; George Washington Carver, slave-born Negro chemist who has developed more than three hundred products from peanuts, called by Borth the first and greatest chemurgist.

"Pioneers of Plenty" is an important contribution to that borderland between science and economics which is now in such an unsettled and controversial state. No one who is concerned with the plight of the farmer in an era of overproduction can fail to find this an important book. It can be well described by a quotation from its own pages: "The thrilling story of the modern alchemists who, having learned to handle molecules as if they were toy building blocks, strive endlessly to abolish scarcity by turning useless things into useful things." Thus, as the author points out, scientists are "increasingly making it possible for nations to live at home and not covet their neighbors' possessions."

Somewhere there must be people who will spend fifty cents for some moments of rare loveliness . . . for a small book which recaptures the moods of an art that is almost lost —the art of the fable.

When we read "The Satyr's Children," by Edith Franklin Wyatt, in the Atlantic, we felt obliged to give it wider circulation by publishing it in an attractively designed, paper-bound edition. It is the story of the children of a satyr who were left by their father to grow up in a world that was only too real, and who escaped from it by —well, order the book.

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Choosing Children

ADVENTURING IN ADOPTION. By Lee M. Brooks and Evelyn C. Brooks. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1939. 207 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by VALENTINA P. WASSON

FOR reasons that perhaps sociologists can give us, the subject of child adoption enjoys much vogue today. Social service workers have developed an extraordinary technique for placing waifs in childless homes —a technique at once intelligently objective and sensitive. The horrors of mercenary "baby farms" have drawn the attention of legislators, as well as of our lurid press. Every phase of the adopted child's relations with his adoptive parents, his playmates, and the world into which he grows has been sympathetically studied; and most of our preconceptions about adopted children have been exploded.

"Adventuring in Adoption" is an admirable survey of the subject that every adoptive parent, prospective as well as actual, will benefit by reading. It begins with the a b c's, clearing up all the doubts that beset the married couple when they first toy with the idea of adoption. For example, it points out the obvious fact that character and manners are a product of training and environment, so that adoptive parents need not fear "bad stock" on this count. Intelligence is largely hereditary, and a child with a plodding mind cannot be made into a lyric poet; but even here some important studies of adopted children tend to show that their I. Q. responds within certain narrow limits to an encouraging environment. From the point of view of the student of heredity, adopted children offer excellent material for studying the relative influence of inheritance and nurture, and the Brookses draw attention to a number of interesting and important papers in this field. The authors point out the interesting fact that the risks in adopting illegitimate children are less than with children of parents who were married, because the former are often the accidental products of excellent people, whereas married couples are likely to yield their children for adoption only when something is radically wrong with themselves and their home.

The authors review the history of adoption in the ancient and modern world. They trace with care the steps in the adoption of a child, and have compiled a useful chart of the laws on the subject in every State. Though "adoption" carries with it permanence of custody and full family membership (thus being distinguished from "foster" children), the adopted child does not enjoy all the privileges of property inheritance from kin of adoptive parents that "own" children do.

It appears from the records assembled by the Brookses that the family ties of loyalty and devotion binding adopted children to their adoptive parents are at least equal to those of other families, with some evidence that they are greater. Adoptive families show a high quotient of happy families, and adopted children turn out, as a group, at least as well as other children. For their conclusions the authors cite the many painstaking studies by various research workers, including their own distinguished papers. They supply a full and intelligently compiled bibliography.

Valentina P. Wasson is a physician and author of "The Chosen Baby."

Geography of War

WORLD IN ARMS. A STUDY IN MILITARY GEOGRPHY. By R. Ernest Dupuy, Major, F. A. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Military Service Publishing Co. 1939. 103 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by COL. DONALD ARMSTRONG

SOME one once wrote that it was well the term "military intelligence" had been invented. This expression, he said, made it easy to distinguish between ordinary intelligence and the relatively lower grade inherent in the profession of arms. Major Dupuy's book will set the record straight. It is not only a concrete example of military intelligence, but by accomplishing its mission with preëminent success, it helps to vindicate the military mind.

This book is a necessity in this mad world. When Germany faces France, when Russia rages at Finland, when troops are reported in mass on Holland's frontiers, turn the pages of this 1939 geography, and the situation will be much clearer. Simplified sketch maps show the probable paths of aggression, thrown into definite channels by nature's mountains, rivers, and swamps or by man's fortifications, canals, and inundations. The air forces that know no obstacles need special treatment. For them there are bombing time-tables and, on the maps, lines indicate elapsed time for a raid. The map of Poland, for example, shows that Warsaw is, or was, forty-six minutes from Breslau. Opposite the map of each country is a succinct and accurate table of strength of army, navy, and air forces.

To supplement this excellent geography, and to estimate more accurately the relative strength of actual or potential belligerents, further data are needed. Today the big factories are as important in winning wars as the big battalions, but unfortunately, no simple way is available to indicate the industrial resources of the nations. This unique volume, however, is of the utmost value in following the moves of the present war in Europe. It will be equally valuable no matter how far the war may ultimately spread, for all the lands and waters of the world find adequate treatment in its pages.

William Green's Point of View

LABOR AND DEMOCRACY, A PLAN OF ACTION TO SAFEGUARD THE AMERICAN WAY. By William Green. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1939. 194 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SELIG PERLMAN

IT will not do to brush this book aside as a vapid disquisition on a hackneyed subject by the titular head of the American trade union "bureaucracy"—as the reviewer fears most of the intelligentsia will be inclined to do. To the unprejudiced it will give the real technique of the rise of a subject class not through revolution but through collective bargaining most widely applied—in industry, in politics and legislation, and in administration. As a leader in the miners' unions Green helped operate the industrial government in that industry; as an influential member in the Ohio legislature he showed himself adept in transferring rights from property to labor notwithstanding the tremendous entrenchment of the former in the American community; as the head of the American Federation of Labor and before, he stood for compulsory social insurance against the Gompers tradition and cannot be said not to have moved with the times. Here is a program as well as a technique of a gradual elevation of the customs of labor into the law of the land.

Yet it is also a partisan book. This holds not so much in the account of the first two years of the New Deal when the American Federation of Labor as a whole, as distinguished from the miners' and garment unions, was painfully slow in seizing the opportunity for expansion; for in those years even the key figure of the new political era had not yet made up his mind as to whether he wanted to be known to posterity as the great awakener of the underdog or as the great appeaser. The partisanship shows in the account of the rise of the CIO as just a revolt against the principle of democratic authority rather than as a consequence of the failure of the Federation to practise the experimental evolutionism which its friends have always believed it capable of. He is on stronger ground when he condemns the "unity" proposals by Lewis, always made with an eye to scoring on the propaganda front and with a disregard of the necessity of the American labor movement to function as a "going government." To repeat: with all its vital omissions in order to make a case in the current civil war in labor, the book furnishes a fine insight into the relationship of the American labor movement to the American environment.

Selig Perlman is professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin.

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The New Books

Biography

MARCUS BRUTUS. By Max Radin. Oxford. 1939. 238 *pp.* $2.75

If a life of Brutus was to be written somewhat from Brutus's own point of view, then Max Radin was undoubtedly the man to write it. Not only does he know so much about the period and its literature that he is able to convey the necessary portions of that knowledge to his readers by a species of apprehension which involves no special effort on their part. He is also an intelligent liberal in the nineteenth-century tradition of that perishing faith, to whom the act which raised Marcus Brutus from a character of chronicle to one of history was something more than a piece of heroic pedantry. At the same time Radin is enough a realist to grant that Brutus was living in an unreal world; in fact he makes the key of the man's character and of this book, the concept of a scholar forced into action by intelligence, status, and an education at the hands of M. Porcius Cato. This makes an interesting work about a man probably more interesting than the living Brutus. For having chosen his standpoint with regard to the historical problem, Radin uses it as a lecture platform from which to criticize the criticism of Brutus, and through it, the influence of the autocratic state upon historical thought. Theme and man are thus given a modern quality at the price of viewing some of the personalities concerned in a light more of this century than their own. Sulla is presented as no more than a ruthless cynic, for example, and to Caesar is attributed a long-range intention toward monarchy which would require some evidence. But this does nothing to damage the picture of Brutus, a fine one. and as near as we can know, a true one.

F. P.

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US. By Howard Spring. Viking. 1939. 134 *pp.* $2.25.

Mr. Spring's childhood was that of the very poor; he lived in Manchester on a bleak narrow street that ended in a pub and adjoined a slaughterhouse. His father was an unsuccessful gardener, a morose Irish dreamer who read "Paradise Lost" and died young. His mother, a grim, undaunted, tiny woman, managed somehow to raise seven children. She washed and scrubbed; they did odd jobs. When he was twelve, Spring worked at the docks from eight in the morning until six at night. There was nothing at all in his life that fitted into the ordinary categories of beauty, except his one vacation, when at seventeen he walked to Bideford with his brother. And yet Spring is not sorry for himself as a child; he narrates the chief events of his childhood unsentimentally, almost impersonally, without the bitterness of Douglas Reed, for instance, about his own similar childhood. There were always exciting sounds and smells and happenings; it was a crowded live world in which he found himself, and for the most part he loved it. He had his humiliations, of course; he was bitterly ashamed when boys shouted after him, "Your mother takes in washing." The only completely bitter moment was when the government sent his mother a pension of five shillings a week because a son was killed in action. "They can keep it," she said: "he was worth more than that." But for the most part, she, like her son, did not consider her life tragic; it was a job and she did it.

But if the author of "My Son, My Son" draws few bitter conclusions, they are all there to be drawn. The contrast between the glow that childhood cast over his extreme poverty, and the light in which he sees it now, is plain. However, he never insists on it, never falsifies the reconstruction which he builds up in such simple, clear, evocative words.

K. S.

Fiction

STATION WAGON SET. By Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

The line of brightly varnished station wagons is as sure to be there as the station itself when the trains out of New York reach the little communities lying from fifty to a hundred miles from the skirts of the metropolis. It is a gay set that uses these wagons for conveyance to the morning trains and from the evening ones. The first stop after the five-fifteen is likely to be for cocktails even before home and dressing for dinner and the evening's offering in the way of gayety and dissipation. Faith Baldwin has selected more than a baker's dozen of such a group of young people for her novel with "Little Oxford" for village setting and love—light, true, and false—for her theme.

Perhaps novel is not quite the word to describe "Station Wagon Set," for although a slight thread of plot unites the separate stories of the group, each one might just as well have appeared separately as a short story. The figure which dominates the book is that of Thalia Holmes, the beautiful heiress who has to suffer unrequited love through the happy ending of all her friends' romances before she can fall into the arms of her choice. The stories range in temper from the amorous vagaries of the town's handsome, wealthy, and untrustworthy playboy to the near-tragedy of misunderstanding in marriage. The stories all have too the Faith Baldwin brittle brightness; heroines dancing with tears in their mascara'd eyes, heroes scrupulously witty while hearts break beneath faultlessly tailored dinner clothes, and jazz and alcohol to keep the flagging spirits up to their endless round of futilities. The characters seem to be taken from the smart, long-limbed illustrations for magazine fiction rather than from the less sartorial realms of real life, but they go through their marionette antics with the same vivacity that has endeared their fellows to so many lending-library readers.

G. G.

Miscellaneous

NEW ENGLAND YEAR: A Journal of Vermont Farm Life. By Muriel Follett. Brattleboro, Vt.: Stephen Daye Press. 1939. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

Somebody whose name deserves to be writ in letters of gold told this Vermont farm wife that she would probably interest a public of some amplitude if she presented readers with the simple and direct statement of what it is like to run a farmhouse for a year. This book is that simple and direct statement, with only a slight varnish of phrase before publication. There are allusions to people one has not met before; assumptions that one understands the purpose of harrowing and the difficulties inherent in setting out strawberry plants. The result is one which more com-

Before Main Street

Sinclair Lewis wrote six novels before he took the small town over the coals and added a new phrase to American vocabulary with *Main Street*. What were their virtues and defects, and how did the later novels develop from them? The great novelist who scolded the smug America of the '20s is the subject of a sympathetically critical article in the Winter *North American Review*, just off the press.

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plex literary artisans often strive for in vain—that of inducting the reader instantly and completely into the frame of reference.

It is interesting that all the books mentioned in this book are in children's hands; no conversations on life and literature interrupt the smooth production of early June peas. Yet the existence of the narrative itself is proof that intellectual life is not lacking. Phrase and method of thought bear the impress of a culture too deeply felt to need emphasis; and this is perhaps the specific charm of Vermont—that in a hundred and fifty years its Truesdales, Aikens, Needhams, and Folletts have achieved a culture many centuries old.

F. P.

AMERICA'S HOUSE OF LORDS. An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Press. By Harold L. Ickes. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. 214 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

The freedom of the press into which Mr. Ickes inquires is not freedom from governmental censorship, of which there is little real danger in this country, as he remarks, but from selfish interest and privilege. One may well admire the courage of a public official (even one as devoted to battles as the Secretary of the Interior) in taking on single-handed all the newspapers; generally, for political reasons, the press is immune to attack from such a source. One also may readily agree with Mr. Ickes that there have been notable journalistic departures from impartiality and truth, and that newspapers fall considerably short of carrying out their full obligation to the public in return for the constitutional right of freedom of the press. But Mr. Ickes's presentation of his case is better in purpose than in substance. His documentary proof is neither deep nor broad. The vigor of his attack is more notable than the quality of his reasoning. The point to which he returns over and over again, that the big newspapers have the sordid minds and souls of economic royalists, is not true. The finest examples of journalistic independence and public service are to be found (as Mr. Ickes's honor list of journals shows) among the largest newspapers. If his little volume will serve (as it ought to do) to stimulate the public into better realization of its right to a free press, to fair and full news, then it will have served a useful end.

C. McD. P.

INDIANS OF THE AMERICAS. By Edwin R. Embree. Houghton Mifflin. 1939. 260 *pp.* $2.75.

Dr. Embree presents a sympathetic picture of the American Indians as they lived before the White settlement of this hemisphere, and as they are now living; to which he appends his thoughts concerning their future. The main emphasis is placed upon the Indians of the United States. Realizing, however, that much of North American Indian civilization was derived from Central and South America, the author begins by describing the cultures of the Maya, the Aztecs, and the Inca. His appreciation of these civilizations is lucid; his portrayal lively without being exaggerated or spectacular. In each instance he presents a clear picture of the functioning of the civilizations in pre-Columbian times, and by comparison with familiar aspects of life in the Old World, and in modern America, makes it plausible and designates clearly the cultural position of each people. He also places these civilizations in time, by discussing their origins, their processes of growth, and the history of their destruction by Europeans. His vignettes are thus mobile, in contrast to the static and hence more patently artificial treatment usual in synthetic ethnographies.

The second half of the book treats, by means of a rapid sampling process, the civilizations of the Indians of the United States, taking as examples the Oglala Sioux, the Iroquois, and the Pueblo Indians. In the final chapter he reviews the history of the relationship between Indians and Whites, culminating in the attempts of the present Indian administration under John Collier to restore as far as practicable Indian self-government and the Indian way of living.

"Indians of the Americas" is interesting, competent, and instructive. In treatment, while lacking the complete detachment of a scientific report, it avoids at the same time the usual pitfalls of romanticism and sentimentality. It can be thoroughly recommended as a non-technical lay introduction to the subject of the American Indian.

C. S. C.

Travel

CHARLESTON: HISTORIC CITY OF GARDENS. By William O. Stevens. Dodd, Mead. 1939. 331 *pp.* $3.

Mr. Stevens has written a pleasant and discriminating book about a city which, captured more than once by enemies, has itself captured the affection of peaceful invaders who love charm and gracious living. Readers who lack willingness to master the dry contents of a guide book will find Mr. Stevens's style and manner of presentation agreeable, and his volume an excellent introduction to Charleston and its immediate region. The author writes with sensible appreciation of the beauties and virtues of the city and the incomparable gardens which draw thousands yearly on a pilgrimage to the Low Country, but he also is a keen observer of local trifles which may annoy the sojourner. Mr. Stevens's own pen-and-ink sketches add to the reader's enjoyment.

C. McD. P.

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Double-Crostics: No. 301

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-U	2-A	3-W		4-Y	5-V	6-M	7-F	8-O		9-J	10-B		11-Z	12-X	13-U
14-E	15-N	16-R		17-B	18-D		19-G		20-X	21-E	22-Z	23-R	24-G	25-U	26-D	
27-S	28-T	29-P	30-B	31-N		32-M	33-S	34-N	35-Y	36-X	37-W		38-B	39-P	40-K	
41-S	42-Q	43-R	44-W	45-M	46-C	47-L	48-A	49-V	50-T	51-S	52-F	53-N		54-H	55-C	
56-A	57-V	58-G	59-K		60-J	61-H	62-B		63-E	64-P	65-R	66-W	67-F		68-H	69-K
70-T		71-H	72-Q	73-I		74-T	75-M	76-P		77-V	78-S	79-C	80-O	81-W	82-M	
83-P	84-K		85-G	86-Q	87-L	88-B		89-E	90-N	91-A	92-T	93-D		94-X	95-R	96-A
97-T	98-H		99-Y	100-J	101-F	102-W	103-S		104-A	105-Q	106-T	107-I	108-E		109-H	
110-F	111-J	112-Q	113-L	114-G		115-Z	116-I	117-A	118-C	119-K	120-D		121-U	122-T	123-P	124-J
	125-M	126-G	127-S	128-R	129-J		130-O	131-C	132-F		133-V	134-I	135-W	136-U	137-H	
138-C	139-I		140-T	141-M	142-C	143-P		144-K	145-G	146-B		147-N	148-A	149-U	150-J	151-F
152-I	153-H		154-U	155-Y	156-D	157-I	158-N	159-R	160-L	161-X	162-Q		163-J	164-Z		165-S
166-D	167-R	168-Q		169-F	170-Y	171-V	172-U	173-S	174-X	175-W		176-X	177-U	178-N	179-D	180-V
181-E	182-O	183-A														

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Slogan; countersign.

B. Inward flow or current.

C. Canadian poet (1861-99).

D. Malevolent spirits (Rom.)

E. Mischievous.

F. City in Scotland.

G. Stone of Phoenician script (1868).

H. Reeling.

I. Month.

J. Strengthen, ratify.

K. Supply kit (colloq.)

L. Western Polynesian dances.

M. Longing (adj.)

N. Inferior to standard quality.

O. American poet and dramatist (1872—).

P. Prominently advertised (comp.)

Q. Snobbish (comp.; slang).

R. Country of Jonah's flight.

S. Protesting.

T. Flaxen-colored (comp.)

U. Severe, harsh.

V. South American liberator (1783-1830).

W. Choosing the best (adj.)

X. Wild irrational talks.

Y. Rate of activity.

Z. Barks snappishly.

WORDS

91 96 56 48 2 104 117 148 183

17 30 62 146 38 10 88

142 131 79 118 46 138 55

179 26 156 166 93 120 18

21 181 89 14 63 108

101 110 52 169 151 7 67 132

58 145 19 24 126 85 114

71 109 153 68 98 54 61 137

73 107 139 152 157 116 134

100 9 163 124 111 60 129 150

40 69 84 144 59 119

47 160 113 87

6 141 82 75 32 45 125

90 178 147 31 34 158 53 15

8 80 130 182

123 83 64 143 29 39 76

72 42 162 105 86 112 168

159 65 43 16 95 23 167 128

33 51 165 103 41 27 78 173 127

97 106 122 70 140 28 50 74 92

121 177 154 25 172 13 149 136 1

133 5 77 57 171 180 49

3 44 37 175 102 81 135 66

12 36 20 176 161 174 94

99 170 35 4 155

164 11 115 22

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Palinurus Q., writing on Xmas Day, is naturally reminded of his favorite Xmas readings. They are, as he has told you before, Bishop Stubbs's preface to his *Constitutional History of England;* and Max Beerbohm's *Christmas Garland,* particularly the take-off on Belloc. ☞The piece that all the eminent tycoons read every Xmas (yes, the Dickens thing) was so overwritten and has been ever since so overtouted that we are fed to the teeth with it. ☞We prefer the Sherlock Holmes story of the Xmas goose, *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle.* ☞The goose, you remember, was destined for "Mrs. Henry Baker." ☞There are two of that name in the Manhattan phone book and we always think of sending them a Xmas card from Sherlock Holmes, but we never get round to it. ☞We end the year as usual with an apology; for saying Chaucer's 500th birthday (in 1940) when we meant 600th. ☞Many English profs reproached us; but Mr. Patch of Smith College was pleasantest about it. He said it was a subtle way of suggesting that Chaucer was at least 100 years ahead of his time. ☞We always take to reading parsoons at this season; came across an endearing old book *The Trials of a Country Parson* (Putnam, 1890) by Rev. Augustus Jessopp, the good old Norfolk vicar who wrote a book about Donne and yet couldn't force himself to like what was best and most characteristic in the Dean of S. Paul's.

☞Speaking of Sherlock Holmes, it was the Linotype Company who kept insisting that 1939 was "A Baskerville Year." The story of The Hound was no more exciting than that of the Baskerville type-faces. John Baskerville was printer to Cambridge University in the 18th century. After his death (1775) his types were bought by Beaumarchais, the French writer (how come, we wonder?) and disappeared in the troubles of 1789. ☞The lost almae matrices were rediscovered in 1929 in Paris, and the late Wm. Edwin Rudge carried them back to London in a suitcase which he never allowed out of his sight. ☞A footnote in Birkbeck Hill's *Letters of Johnson* tells it differently. ☞The other great suitcase drama in recent literature was when Mitchell Kennerley carried a Gutenberg Bible (the Melk copy) to the U. S. in a suitcase, and slept with it in his berth on board the ship. ☞It would have pleased the late Frank Doubleday to know that four of his alumni met as usual just before Xmas (as they have done every year for 15 years) and drank Effendi's health. ☞ Another year-end reading that has given us a lot of amusement is André Maurois's diary of his trip to the States last spring. He calls it *Etats Unis 39,* published by the Editions de France; ask your French bookseller. It exhibits, in good measure, both the observant shrewdness of M. Maurois, and the necessitated simplicity of a foreigner. ☞If anybody in Columbus (Ohio) is reading French, they will be amused by the episode (pp 79, 80) of the two unknown pretty girls in that city. ☞Like all foreigners, Maurois read only the books that happened to be fashionable. He moans a bit about Steinbeck and Caldwell, and cries "Pourquoi aucun écrivain américain n'est-il tenté par la vie quotidienne, moyenne, par celle que decrivent Tolstoi et Duhamel?" ☞There are plenty of 'em; but visitors must hunt them out. ☞Maurois is specially good in his comments on Pullman conductors and co-eds. ☞We got a holiday catalogue from a wine dealer (Sherry, Inc.) on Madison Avenue and were going to give it a hand until we found they didn't even know how to spell a *Jeroboam* correctly. People who pretend to deal in vintages better look up 1st Kings, XI, 28. ☞Incidentally their classification of magnums, jeroboams, rehoboams, methusalehs, etc., does not conform to the authority of Saintsbury (*Notes on a Cellar Book;* still one of the best gifts for anyone who has any pretensions to sensibility in bottles). ☞Quinn & Boden the busy printers at Rahway tell us that when they advertise a book on their big electric sign alongside of the P.R.R. there's a chance of one half of 57,505 passengers seeing it. The Pennsy railroad runs 103 westbound trains past the press every day, 97 eastbound. The total daily average of passengers is 57,505; but presumably the sign is only noticed by those sitting on the west side of the cars. ☞Rahway, incidentally, has long had literary associations; the eminent A. Edward Newton lived there as a boy. ☞Among unusual items offered by Alfred W. Paine (Salt Water bookseller, 113 East 55) is the logbook of the famous Liverpool packet *Daniel Webster.* It begins with her maiden voyage in December, 1850, and covers 19 voyages across the Atlantic, until 1854. The famous rescue in mid-ocean of the passengers of the *Unicorn* is fully described, and the difficulty of taking care of these 200 extra guests for 16 days. Mr. Paine lists this unusual record at $150. ☞We were embarrassed to find on a bargain table *Old Q. and Barrymore,* by E. Beresford Chancellor, published (1926) as volume 5 in the series "Lives of the Rakes." ☞Oxford is getting a lot of bumps lately. Francis Iles in his mischievous *As for the Woman* takes apart a young Oxford aesthete so completely that we're afraid he'll never get reassembled.

☞Dodd, Mead & Company have issued a handsome illustrated souvenir in honor of their First Hundred Years, written by Edward H. Dodd, Jr. They are the oldest general publishing house in N. Y. still under the management of the same family; the only one in which the fourth generation is now active. ☞The history begins with an entertaining description of old (then young) Moses Dodd commuting in from New Jersey—from Doddtown, later engulfed by Bloomfield—to open his first office on an April morning in 1839. ☞Both by editorial wisdom and by shrewd purchase the Dodd Mead imprint (Apollo speaking through an open book) has come upon many unusual best sellers; among the oldtimers one may mention the Elsie Dinsmore series and *Barriers Burned Away.* ☞Perhaps the biggest single outright book order ever placed was when the American News Company bought 350,000 assorted E. P. Roes. ☞Incidentally it was ourself, we believe, to whom Mr. Dodd refers when he quotes "some wisecracker" as saying that American literature had passed from an era of Mabie to an era of Canby. ☞Nothing is more interesting than the histories of publishing houses, and Dodd Mead at a hundred are young and lively in spirit. ☞Another pleasant anniversary arrives on January 2, the 20th birthday of Miss Steloff's Gotham Book Mart at 51 West 47. Only the other day we had the pleasure of meeting there the shop's first customer, Mr. W. E. Heitland, who wandered in to the G. B. M. on its opening morning and bought a history of costume for his friend Glenn Hunter, the actor. ☞The G. B. M. has marked its jubilee by printing an annotated catalogue about the "Moderns," which contains in its contributed memoranda much lively matter for controversy.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE LADY IS AFRAID *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2. Pub. Jan. 2)	Boston swing-maestro and blue-blood shot and poisoned, respectively. Max Hale does college friend favor and cleans up mess.	Pretty much same pattern as its admirable predecessors, which means copious action, tough situations, and camera-eye sleuthing.	Custom-built
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN *Himself* (Stokes: $2. Pub. Jan. 2)	One short novel and 8 stories, mostly scened around Manhattan and Hollywood, and all with Mr. Queen as catalytic agent.	Ingenious plots involving crimes of many sorts—including foursome on sporting subjects. Queen in short pleases better than Queen at length.	Clever no end

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